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GREATER LOVE

Youth must be spared, he thought, and paid in full

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

I THINK," said Mrs. Crowley, "that there's too much talk about whether a girl loves a man, or will she be happy with him."

Julia fixed a steady gaze upon her mother. "You'd have me go ahead and marry Mart, not loving him?"

"I've hear'd nothin' all these years about not lovin' him," Mrs. Crowley said. "Ye've been goin' with Mart these many years, he's set upon marryin' ye. Anny good woman can make anny good man a happy wife, ye take my word for it."

The conversation had opened with her mother's natural question as to why she wasn't going out with Martin Mahoon any more. Julia had responded quietly that her engagement to Martin was at an end. She had told Martin honestly that, even while she was keenly conscious of the unhappiness of it.

Julia had then asked, "You don't think I could ever be happy with Mart unless I had told him? Or happy with him," she had added wretchedly, "when I had!"

After this Mrs. Crowley had burst forth with a general definition of happiness and duty in marriage, and their relative importance.

They did not often have a chance to be alone together, the mother and daughter. There were seven children at home.

and Agnes, the married daughter, lived only a few blocks away. Besides that, there were boarders, Annie and Maggie Keohane, who worked in the post office, and Robert Chalmers, who tended three beehives in the Crowley back yard and was unfit, by reason of some mysterious complaint, to do harder work.

So this was a rare chance for Mrs. Crowley to speak her mind to Julia. She did not know exactly what had happened between Julia and Mart, but she knew that Julia was restless, robbed of sleep and appetite.

"Mom," Julia said now, "you don't think love is a thing you can reason

about and analyse and stop doing, do you?"

"I do," her mother said firmly.

"Then," Julia answered, very low, "you don't know anything about it."

"Ye'll never get another man like Mart, Ju!"



"Tell them I ain't here!" the boy cried in terror.

"I'll never get any man," Julia said steadily.

Robert Chalmers came in from the garden with his bee hat on. A tall, gaunt man of perhaps forty, with a lined, sick face, he had boarded with Mrs. Crowley for several years.

"Goin' upstairs to lay down?" Mrs. Crowley asked.

There was no time for him to answer, for at this instant a boy of seventeen shot into the kitchen, flung his cap aside, caught his mother by the shoulder, and said rapidly, in a hoarse voice, "Ma, Loughran's comin' an' another cop! Tell them I ain't here!"

"What's wrong with ye, Willy?" Mrs. Crowley asked, anxiously.

"Loughran!" Julia echoed. "What have you been up to?"

For Willy Crowley, almost since the hour of his birth, had been up to something—usually something calculated to fling the entire family into a panic.

"What's Loughran coming for?" Julia demanded. For no policeman ever made a purely formal call in this neighborhood.

"Mom, you say I've been layin' down all afternoon," Willy said swiftly.

"Oh, whatever is it, then?" his mother faltered, trying to catch his flying form, feeling him slip from her fingers. He was gone, and a second later the policeman rapped at the kitchen door.

Frightened, but cheerful in de-

meanor, the women admitted him. Loughran looked grave and troubled.

"Where'd Willy go to?" he asked, entering Cass Burke, his companion officer, said nothing. "Willy—he's hereabouts—" Mrs. Crowley began vaguely.

"Then," Julia answered, very low, "you don't know anything about it."

"Ye'll never get another man like Mart, Ju!"

"Burglary, State's prison offence," he said, dryly.

"Our Willy had nothing to do with it!" Julia stated, her voice trembling.

"You've talked him out of a lot of trouble, Julia," Jim Loughran said.

"I hope you can talk him out of this!"

"What happens?" Willy's mother asked.

"They held up Kriel's. The little feller that fixes fur coats and so on, up at the end of Mason Street," Loughran said. "They was armed. Willy had that gun. Ain't that Tom Crowley's gun?" The policeman threw a revolver on the table. The women looked at it, paling.

"That—that doesn't prove anything," Julia said. The "T. A. Crowley" scratched on the barrel was quite visible. She knew the gun. It had been in Tom's lower drawer for years. "Willy was always imagining he was a detective," she went on. "He was always teasing Tom for it."

"Well, seems he had it once too often," Loughran said grimly. "He was drivin' the other two fellers in

a car. He waited outside, an' when Kriel's wife phoned the police—she was in a room at the back—he seen them comin' an' he drove off, throwin' the gun out as he went. That don't look any too innocent."

"Go and get him, Valentine," Mrs. Crowley said to a small boy who was wedging himself to the fore.

Chanting "Willy-ee! Your mother wants you!" Valentine shot upstairs. Feet scraped on the floors above; the stairs creaked as the boys came down.

"Fred Kelly an' Ed Blake was in it with him," Loughran said. "That's bad company for any boy, Mrs. Crowley."

"Oh, Heaven help us!" she whispered.

Julia's face looked drawn and colorless. Willy had been seen of late with Ed, who had a prison record, and with the wild Kelly boy.

"They knocked Kriel down, an' Blake shot him through the leg," Loughran reported. "We don't know how bad he's hurt; they took him off in the ambulance."

The forms in the doorway stirred as Willy came into the kitchen.

"Tell Jim Loughran ye didn't have nothin' to do with this, dear," his mother said loudly. It was as if she defied fate.

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How soft
and smooth
your skin
feels after a
FILM STAR
BEAUTY BATH

LUX TOILET SOAP

costs so little . . . lasts so long

THE COSSACK WOLF

• He borrowed glory from the past to carry out a trick of modern strategy.

AN aeroplane came over after moonset, waking Yarak. He sat up with a snort. By the drone of the motor, he knew it to be a machine, and in consequence something with which he had no concern.

But in thinking about a machine, he remembered Kirdy, his grandson, and the only human being for whom Yarak cared. Kirdy rode, instead of a horse, the biggest of the machines that roared up and down the valley road, to the Caucasus Mountains.

And Kirdy had told his grandfather Yarak that he had a girl now. This girl, Ileana by name, he had added, was a black-browed Cossack beauty, a perfect delight. And while Kirdy was absent, driving his convoy car, he had wanted Grandfather Yarak to look out for Ileana, who would soon be in town. She was, Yarak calculated, down there in the town now.

"Promised that dog of a Kirdy to watch out for Ileana," he told himself. "Can't go back on a given word. Impossible."

He tightened his belt, wiped his hands on his greasy breeches and set off. But almost at once Yarak scented something unusual about the town of Kizlyar. On the uplands, where the snow ended, the black goats and cattle were wandering unattended even by dogs.

When he entered the town, he saw crowds in the streets. And an explanation occurred to him. A tamasha—a festival. That was the reason why the people were in the streets, instead of on the farms. And if it was a festival, he might find a jug to lick.

Then his nose caught the unmistakable odor of alcohol. Across the square Cossacks clustered like flies around some tables, and there Yarak found the source of the odor. The merry boys were drinking vodka out of small glasses.

Yarak shoved into the group and emptied the first glass he saw without a hand on it. A big man in a business suit brought a bottle out of the store and filled glasses all around. He did this several times before Yarak realised the extraordinary truth. No one was paying.

"Day of days!" said Yarak, beginning to think kindly of Kizlyar and its festival.

"A hard day, old wolf!" said the big man. "Have you heard?" He leaned closer. "The wires to Moscow are down."

"What of it?" demanded Yarak. "Can't get any news from the north." The big man shook his head. "They say rifles are being sent from Novocherkassk. But—who knows?"

One of the drinkers shoved in his face. "Well, how can we know, Menelitta? It's true, all the same, that the Division had to get out."

"True enough," Menelitta nodded. "And even if we get the rifles, what good will they do as long as the soldiers have cleared out?"

All this sounded vaguely familiar to Yarak. He began to warm up, in the midst of all this festival. Then he bethought him of that girl.

"Het!" he said, loud. "Which of you brothers of dogs knows a girl named Ileana? Black brows. A perfect beauty."

"Tru! That's Ileana. Certainly! She's curator of the ethnolo-logikul Museum," Menelitta told him.

Yarak blinked. "The Ith—" "The museum of old days and people," Menelitta pointed impatiently. "Over there. She's making a speech."

Confused by these strange directions, Yarak gathered up his musket and wandered along the square to a doorway where bunting was fastened. Sure enough, here he heard a young woman's voice. Going in he saw little at first except a crowd of bareheaded men and silent women with kerchiefs. Then



Wildly the old Cossack stamped the cattle towards the German encampment.

he sighted something really extraordinary. Along the wall stood glass cases.

And in those cases, stuck up somehow, was a gorgeous array of jewelled and embroidered weapons and costumes of Cossack leaders of long-forgotten times. Yes, in the corner stood the staff and cross-piece hung with grey buffalo tails, and surmounted by a shining cross—the standard itself of a day long before Yarak's birth.

Then he was aware of the girl Ileana. Before a small metal box on a stick she stood, tossing her head and crying out. "brother comrades of the Ukraine, this is the day when the workers will be shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers. Remember Cossack glory of old days."

Ileana's face glowed as she tore off words. She was a short girl, but with a wide forehead and dark eyes.

Yarak eyed her, then he stared. Behind her, in a long blue silk coat, stood Ghirei Khan, the Tartar horse breeder. His mahogany face was pinched with age, his shoulders bent.

Long and bitter had been the feud between the Tartar khan and Yarak, forty years ago, and since then they had not poured water on their swords. They had never made peace.

And here, dressed up in his glory, Ghirei Khan had been brought out by this Ileana for the crowd to see. Nay, more, she was even praising Ghirei Khan. "He was a Tartar, but he stands like a rock with us, shoulder to shoulder with the Cossack comrades!"

What was she saying? Ghirei Khan, a stock breeder, a comrade of the Cossacks! That could never be. Restlessly, he listened to the flow of Ileana's speech.

"It will be like the day of Mazepa," cried Ileana, tossing her black hair, "when Mazepa, the greatest of the Cossacks, rode the steppes like a storm striking down the foes of our Russian land!"

That was too much for Yarak, who was well warmed up inside. "Het!" he yelled, pushing through the crowd. "Shut your mouth, girl, Mazepa! Mazepa, the son of a Turkish bath tender, dressed himself up like a she-actor in silk. He sold himself for a woman, and rode with the Swedes."

And that was as far as he got. Some of the Cossacks began to hit him on the head, and Yarak, aroused, swept his musket around like a flail. He howled like a wolf. Ileana stopped

talking at the box and ran at him. She pushed between the Cossacks and hung on Yarak's musket, her eyes blazing. "You drinker of vodka!" she cried.

"Why didn't you ask me about Cossack glory?" Yarak stormed back at her. "Now Khmelnitski was a koshevoi for you! What a fire he lighted on the steppes! And Sayalidnitski now, even the Turks trembled when his name was spoken."

Some of the older Cossacks, listening, nodded agreement.

He was lying asleep, wrapped in

"You've been reading books in the university, girl," Yarak went on sternly. "You don't know true from false. Just as Kirdy said."

Ileana looked at him. "What did Kirdy say?"

"For me to look out for you."

"Are you the dyadya—Yarak?"

"Of course I'm the granda!"

"And he sent you. To—to look after me?"

Yarak nodded triumphantly. That was the truth. Ileana hesitated. She seemed, all at once, to be tired. After speaking to the men around the metal box, she took

Yarak out of the museum, paying no more attention to Ghirei Khan.

"Come!" she said.

"Where?" he demanded.

"You spoiled my speech," she said. "I'm taking you back to Kirdy."

At once every other thought went out of Yarak's mind. Kirdy, son of his son, was here in town. This festival day seemed to have brought everyone to Kizlyar. But what was Kirdy doing here when he should have been riding his machine?

He was lying asleep, wrapped in

his coat, on the seat of his truck. Vigorously Ileana shook him. "Your grandfather ruined an air talk. He's been drinking. Take him away somewhere."

Yawning, Kirdy grinned at her.

"Eh, Kirdy," said Yarak, pulling at his moustache.

"Health to you, old one. Don't bother the girls. They're busy."

Again Ileana's eyes blazed. She had a temper, that one. "Can't you do anything but sleep?"

"What's to do? Can't get anywhere without juice."

Striking her fists against the seat door, Ileana stormed at him. "Can't—can't! That's all you say. Nothing will be accomplished unless it is planned. First, think of something and then do the best you can."

Red surged up into Kirdy's face and his grin vanished.

"Why don't you take a whip to her, and then kiss her afterwards?" demanded Yarak. "That's the thing to do!"

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By HAROLD LAMB

KIRDY said

thoughtfully: "They've taught her too much at school." Then he added: "Look here, Yarak, you'd better make yourself scarce. There's a lot going on that you haven't caught up with. Ileana thinks we ought to dash up to Novoherkassk without any benzine, and fetch a convoy-load of rifles. You'd better head up to the hut."

"Then you come!"

"Can't leave the machine."

Without a word the old Cossack started back to the hills. He had a feeling that, somehow, he had offended Ileana and made trouble for Kirdy, and he went away quickly in spite of it being a festival day.

When, about noon, he heard a shot echo, he went to a knoll to look down into the valley.

What he saw interested him immediately. Far down, the ribbon of the road wound through some bare hillocks. On the height, nearest him, dozens of Cossacks were coming from town, to throw themselves down and crawl to the edge, by the road. Yarak's keen eyes observed that they all had guns.

Evidently they were setting an ambush, over the deserted road. But he couldn't think whom they'd be after.

Before long, however, he saw a grey truck crawling along the road, others appearing after it.

At once, squirts of smoke ran along the hillocks where the Cossacks lay, and Yarak heard the familiar faint, thud-thud of the heavy rifles. The first truck on the road stopped abruptly and then began to back slowly. The sharper explosion of rifles came from it.

Then Yarak saw the bicycles. They came up two abreast along a cattle lane extending behind the hillocks.

Excited, Yarak jumped up. "Look behind your tails, dog-brothers!" he shouted. His voice did not carry to the Cossacks, unaware of their danger. Grey-green figures slipped off the bicycles and ran among the hillocks behind the Cossacks, carrying heavy weapons. And Yarak

heard the clatter of machine-guns and automatic rifles.

"Tut!" he grunted. Those Cossacks down there didn't have the sense of pigs. In a few moments they were shot or herded together, to surrender to the bearers of the machine-guns.

Systematically grey-green men placed their prisoners in the centre of the truck encampment they were making. They even took time and pains to drive in the herds of half-wild cattle from the neighboring pastures.

When one of the patrols began working toward his observation post, Yarak headed back toward Kizlyar, five miles away.

This was no steppe feud, he decided. It was a raid in strength, with machines. It was war. But who were the raiders?

Hot with his news, he entered Kizlyar by moonrise. And he found that this news had got there before him. No electric lights showed in the streets of Kizlyar. The lines of stalled trucks waited there, stark in the moonlight. Machines, it seemed, no longer stirred there. But Yarak could not find his grandson at the trucks. He traipsed into the square where men were gathered, arguing, and looked around for Kirdy. The big Menelitta was talking loud in front of his cafe.

"Nothing to do now," he was saying. "but get away. They didn't send the rifles. You can't hold the road with pitchforks."

Ileana's small figure appeared before Menelitta. "Only wait!" she cried at the listening men. "The rifles and cartridges will come."

The crowd fidgeted. Yarak shoved forward, catching the girl's arm. "Where's that cub of a Kirdy?" he asked, drawing her aside. She swallowed hard. "Kirby isn't here."

"Where is he?"

"He took a rifle and went down the road with the others."

"Then he's captured!" Yarak wouldn't think that Kirby, the little

devil, could be killed. Certainly, he would be a prisoner.

"It's all the same," Ileana tossed her head. "Maybe they will keep the Cossack boys for hostages for a while. Only they'll stand them up and shoot them afterwards, for being guerrillas—no uniforms."

And quite suddenly Ileana began to sob, digging her fists into her cheeks. Leaning against Yarak's greasy sheepskin, she cried away like an ordinary, uneducated girl. For a moment Yarak considered. It would be necessary, he saw at once, to get Kirby out of the lines of the grey-green men. Immediately. Pulling at his moustache, he pondered ways and means. A horse was the first thing. No plan could be made without a horse.

"Wait here," he told the girl.

He must get that horse, so essential to his plan, and he knew that if there was a horse in town, it would be Ghirel Khan's. That Tartar would not come in, unless in the saddle. Quickly he searched the square for the Tartar and found him sitting at an empty table.

"Yok," he said. "I come not with steel and fire this time."

THE Tartar turned his head a little, waiting suspiciously.

"A son of my son," Yarak urged. "Is captive down the road."

Ghirel Khan snarled, listening.

"I have never asked a gift from Ghirel Khan," Yarak went on. "Give me only a horse to-night, now."

Then by the aid of wily flattery and a jug of vodka he began to bend the other to his will. Cunningly, he praised his prowess, his renown.

"You are full of years and honor now," he declared. "And why? Because of our hatred. By it, you came the Lion of the Terek, the avenger."

Gratified, Ghirel Khan lifted the

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jug. He and the Cossack were indeed made great by their feud. And to the great in soul, a gift is a small thing. He drank again. "The horse," he said, "is in the little house behind the big talking house."

One minute after that, Yarak was kicking open the doors of the out-house behind the museum. Inside, he found a horse tethered—a long-tailed black Kabardian, plump and sleek, with its Arab strain showing in the small lifted head. In two minutes he had tightened the girth and led the animal outside. This was a horse fit for a Cossack hetman.

As he was thinking that he passed the rear door of the museum, and the fullness of his inspiration came upon him. Dragging the horse with him he made his way into the museum, straight to the glass cases, half visible in the moonlight. With his heel he shattered the nearest glass.

Ten minutes later the crowd in the square outside was shocked into silence. From the entrance of the museum plunged a rider on an almost unmanageable horse.

In that moonlight he looked startling enough, on the plunging Tartar stallion and gleaming saddle. But in addition he wore the red embroidered svitka of a Cossack koshevo ataman. His belt shone with jewels, his hand raised the staff of the ancient buntchouk with its flying tails and cross.

"Het!" the apparition shouted, and careened across the square through the staring Cossacks.

They ran out to look after him, for the black horse went through the streets like a gust of wind. Menelitta, of the free vodka, stopped his talk to stare. Ileana gasped. For here was the very spirit of the free Ukraine. And yet, she knew that no spirits could ride this earth.

"Khmelinitki!" a man shouted.

And a whisper ran through those people, the incurably superstitious of the Ukraine. A sign had appeared in their streets. Out of the Ethnological Museum. It pointed down the road toward the enemy.

Yarak, as soon as he had got the horse in hand, put him into a steady gallop westward. He grudged every minute necessary to get him to the German lines. When he sighted the dark hillocks he lifted the standard pole with an effort. A rifle, spat fire in front of him, and he reined in.

"Hi, fools," he shouted, "come out."

No one came, but no more rifles barked. Waving his buntchouk, Yarak walked the horse forward for the time he thought it would take an outpost to summon an officer. Clearly, on that road, they could see he was alone.

Presently two figures appeared out of the shadow beside him. One, who held an automatic revolver, peered up at him and, felt over him for weapons, while the other watched the road. After a moment they led the horse on to where a car waited without lights.

An officer got out of the car—an under-officer, Yarak thought. He was lean and hard and quick. Pulling Yarak's arm, he brought the old Cossack down out of the saddle, and stared at his regalia.

He said something to the two soldiers and one fell in behind when the under-officer led Yarak, gripping his arm tight, back along a path through the machines that were parked around the encampment. Yarak held tight to the buntchouk.

In that clear moonlight the Cossack's eyes missed little. First he spotted the prisoners sitting huddled on the ground. They seemed to be all alive, although hurt. The guards pacing around them carried small automatic rifles, without bayonets. Bad, that.

On some of the cars, other soldiers sat at ease behind machine-guns. Yarak also recognised an armored car, and up the slope from the machines he spotted the dark masses of restless cattle.

A second officer strode out to them, with his tunic unbuttoned, walking like one who gave orders. For a moment in the haze of moonlight he considered Yarak, who looked, with his beard and the flowing animal tails of the standard, like some figure out of the archaic past.

"Drunk!" he commented.

Yarak decided to risk a shout. He did not think he could get closer to the prisoners. "That's a lie!" he yelled. "That dog won't bite."

"SHUT" y o u r noise," the officer broke in. "Tell me—what's this thing you have brought?"

He poked his finger at the standard, which puzzled him. The other officer was running his hand over the black horse, admiringly, holding fast to the rein. Off in the haze some of the prisoners turned their heads.

"It's a buntchouk, Sir Colonel! It's a sign," Yarak said in a loud voice.

"A flag of truce? From Kizlyar? You bring a message?"

"Of course I do," Yarak yelled. "Certainly it's a sign, Kirby. No truce." Not a bit of that. This buntchouk is a sign for the animals. They'll all follow it, even cattle. Eh, they'll jump when it comes. Don't you believe me? I'll show you, Sir Colonel. In just two little minutes. Look—

"Dyadya!" Kirby's voice echoed from the men on the ground.

The officer wasn't napping. His hand flat jolted Yarak's mouth, and he barked a command to the armed soldier. In the same second the under-officer started to lead the Kabardian horse away.

As the soldier reached for his collar, Yarak yelled, Reeling away, he pushed the standard pole into the ground as if to steady himself.

"Drunk as a pig," grunted the officer.

Two steps away Yarak took, and vaulted, holding to the pole. He smacked hard into the saddle of the black horse, which circled, startled. Somehow, Yarak held on to the pole, and the end of it caught the under-officer in the face. With one foot in a stirrup, Yarak kicked the Kabardian, which jumped between the men. It plunged between two cars, and leaped an anti-tank gun as Yarak gripped the reins and held himself firm.

A shot behind him and the crack of a bullet past his head sounded together, as Yarak turned the frantic horse towards the edge of the dark herd of cattle.

More shots ripped out. The Cossack, however, was a shadow speeding through the haze, around the herd. Lifting himself in the saddle, he waved the standard with its flying tails, and he howled like a wolf.

"Het-het!" he wailed, circling behind the plunging steeds. Frightened by the shooting and the apparition of the rider, the cattle started stampeding downhill, striking the line of cars like a black flood, pouring through them. They plunged through the encampment, and the German guards and prisoners jumped for their lives, the prisoners seizing the chance to make off in the shadows of the hillocks.

Yarak headed in the direction the Germans were firing, where the Cossacks had vanished. As he passed through a patch of moonlight, one of the fugitives turned in front of him, and caught his stirrup. "Hang on, cub," he grunted, as the boy swung himself up behind.

After full daylight, when the brigade moved cautiously up the road to occupy Kizlyar they found the town buried under smoke, its streets burning, along with the convoy of stranded trucks.

Groups of Cossacks were moving, far away, driving their cattle up into the forest at the snow line.

The girl Ileana, a bag of salt on her shoulder, helped Kirby to start the grey buffalo in the hollows and the wandering black goats up towards the highlands. She did not cry now. The rifles had not come from Novoherkassk, and Kirby was lost. But she could feel Kirby's hard arm around her waist and hear his living voice.

"We've got the cattle," Kirby was saying, "so we'll live through the winter well enough."

He was laughing as he pointed out Yarak, ahead of them. Somehow, Ileana realised, Kirby didn't seem to be beaten by misfortune. "Look at the grandfather now," Kirby chuckled. "He has it all planned out. We're going to put up in his hut. Next summer, when the grass is dry, we're going to burn the steppes and scorch out all those machines."

Like a patriarch of old time, Yarak stalked ahead of them, his standard on his shoulders. He carried also a jug.

In one day he had dealt with machines and education. Now he was leading his flock home to his house, as a Cossack should.

(Copyright)

This note need never have been written . . .

Dear Teacher,
Keith is so susceptible to infection that I thought it wise to keep him home last week while so many children had colds
Alma Field

When a youngster plays truant, that's bad—but at least he's fit and well. When a child misses precious schooling because of illness, that's infinitely worse. Yet each year thousands of school days are lost through colds, flu, diphtheria, scarlet fever and other juvenile ills which could be prevented by supplementing the children's inadequate normal diets with additional protective vitamins.

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The DARK SQUARE

STARTLING adventure over-takes MARJORIE GILLESPIE, lovely and romantic governess-companion at the Schloss of the COMTESSE DU VALLARD when, at a swimming party, handsome CAPTAIN ERIC VON GERNE finds in her possession a note which she had unsuspectingly offered to deliver for ADRIAN MAWLEY, English lecturer at the finishing school conducted by "FEATHERS"—otherwise, Miss Featherstonhaugh.

Recognising the note as containing a Secret Service message, von Gerne, with HILDA, an agent posing as a maid, takes Marjorie away to his mountain farmhouse, where, to her astonishment, Marjorie also meets the Comtesse's chaplain. The two men question her about Adrian's letter, and keep her a prisoner when she refuses to answer.

Adrian, meanwhile, hears of Marjorie's disappearance from the Comtesse, and learns by chance from MURIEL EVANS, one of his pupils, that Marjorie drove away with von Gerne after taking charge of his note.

Now read on—



ON the evening of the day when he heard about the disappearance of Marjorie Gillespie Adrian Mawley sat in his leather-covered chair in his bed-sitting-room, his slippers feet on the bed, a favorite old pipe pendant from his mouth, a pile of green-colored exercise books on the floor by his side.

He was reading Miss Muriel Evans' reflections on his latest lecture at the Academy, and the bland way in which she completely ignored his lecture (because she had not listened to it) and launched out on a perky series of observations of her own amused and exasperated him.

He made an undecipherable squiggle at the foot of the essay. This would serve to show that he had read it, but would not commit him to any estimate of its worth.

Then he tossed the book away on top of the others and began to tap his pipe stem slowly against strong white teeth. It was a favorite trick of his whilst thinking. Muriel Evans had set his mind running on the subject of von Gerne and it was a congenial topic. Adrian Mawley had devoted quite a lot of thought that late afternoon and evening to the smart Captain Eric von Gerne.

He flicked up the metal cover of his wrist-watch and glanced at the luminous figures. Nine o'clock. The hour when fashionable Charnock sits down to his dinner. An hour, Adrian reflected, which should suit him very well for the business in hand.

He yawned, stretched, put his beloved pipe away carefully on the mantelshelf and began his preparations.

His first action was to kick off his red slippers and draw on a pair of black suede shoes, next he threw a black silk scarf loosely round his neck and put a pair of black gloves into one side pocket. Then he unlocked a drawer labelled "Manuscripts of Lectures" and drew out from it a curious assortment of things: a torch no bigger than a fountain pen, a bunch of many weird-looking keys and a cylindrical piece of solid black rubber about eighteen inches in length.

All these he slipped into his other capacious side pocket. Then he

took his black velour hat from its peg behind the door and went out with a smile on his face.

The Telephone Directory had given him the address that he wanted, and he now made his way through the dark but noisy streets of Charnock's Quartier towards the even darker, but infinitely quieter, fashionable part.

Number Nineteen Rose Crescent was his objective, and turned out to be exactly what Adrian had hoped—an old-fashioned home of the aristocracy now converted into flats.

He walked slowly past the house twice; and then, by means of a convenient mew, down the side of it so that he could view the back.

He saw nothing to cause him any misgivings; and without any more preliminaries he walked lightly up the steps and through the open front door into the hall. An elegant board told him that Captain E. v. Gerne lived on the first floor.

Adrian took himself up by the lift, and on a door almost opposite the lift shaft read the neatly-painted words, "Captain Eric v. Gerne."

He pressed the bell and hoped that there would be no answer. He did not expect one. He had von Gerne's own word for it that he was spending a few nights out of town, and he did not think it likely that the young officer had more than a daily help by way of staff.

Obligingly no answer came and Adrian's long thin fingers already began to play with the odd-looking keys in his pocket. But he restrained himself and rang the bell a second and then later a third time. There was no sign of life from the flat nor from any other part of the building.

His lazy-looking but exceedingly sharp eyes had meanwhile been studying the lock on the flat door. It was more than proof, Adrian did not doubt, against clumsy attempts made by any ordinary sort of key; but the ring of keys in his pocket was far from ordinary. There were twenty-five of them, specially cut by an Englishman who did not care to go back to England.

One hundred pounds those twenty-five keys had cost Adrian;

and although he had not used them more than a dozen times in his life he had never regretted the bargain.

He drew the ring of keys out and, choosing one made of a curious pink substance somewhere between wax and rubber in consistency, inserted it in the lock and turned it steadily and firmly. It moved a fraction of an inch. He kept up the steady pressure for a full minute, then relaxed it, and delicately withdrew the key. It's soft surface was faintly indented with pressure marks; and these, for number, individual size and relative position, he now compared one by one with the twenty-four master keys on his ring.

A superficial examination made him practically certain that the choice would lie in the early teens, somewhere between twelve and fifteen, and it was these keys that he started at once to try. Key number fourteen opened the lock almost as sweetly as though it had been made specifically for it, and Adrian went into the dark flat and quickly closed the door behind him.

He felt for the light switch and snicked it down. He was standing in a tiny entrance hall tastefully

"Just keep quiet—very quiet," Adrian ordered grimly.

ing at. He knew the danger of being too close to a thing to see it.

Satisfied that the drawing-room was going to yield nothing to a preliminary search, even of a fairly thorough kind, he crossed it and went into the bedroom.

He smiled when he put on the light and surveyed the room. What took his eye most was the startling array of photographs round the walls. All of them were of women, and most of them were signed. Adrian thought that many of them were of actresses, and he could not suppress a feeling of amused admiration for young von Gerne's success in the Art.

A modern wardrobe of the hold-all and conceal-everything type and a row of half-a-dozen books by the bed head showed him nothing interesting and he went across the room and through the far door into the bathroom.

Here it was evident that a young gentleman of fashion in Charnock took very great pains with his toilet. The bathroom was small but luxurious. One wall was entirely faced with a mirror, the curtains of vivid red oilskin (the same vivid red, Adrian thought, as Marjorie Gillespie's handbag) and vivid red oilskin hung round the shower in one corner.

A glass shelf was loaded with a goodly selection of bath salts, oatmeal powders, and the like.

"Nothing here," Adrian thought and on the instant froze stock still. Someone was coming into the flat. He heard the door open and automatically registered the fact that he did not hear it snap to again. He guessed why. Whoever was coming in was surprised to find the lights on. It was therefore somebody who expected von Gerne to be away, a porter probably.

Adrian stayed where he was while the visitor was in the drawing-room; but when he could be heard in the bedroom Adrian moved and moved quickly.

He pulled the black glove off his left hand and wedged it between two bottles of bath salts on the

glass shelf, then he stepped noiselessly under the shower ring and drew the full-length red oilskin curtain round him. He paid particular attention to his feet. He had seen more than one attempt to hide behind a curtain made ludicrous by an obtruding pair of toes. There was a tiny crack where the oilskin curtains should have met, through which he could see most of the small room.

The door, which he had left ajar, was pulled open and a man came in. Von Gerne himself. Von Gerne dressed for the evening in a dark military overcoat and evidently in a bad temper. He was scowling and his right hand carried a small automatic.

Adrian had already silently pulled the length of solid black rubber from his pocket and he stood there with it in his hand. He was waiting for one of the most potent factors in human nature to come into operation—the factor of curiosity.

It worked infallibly. Von Gerne's quick eye caught sight of the black glove stuck up on the shelf, wedged between his bottle of violet-scented bath salts and the rose ones. He stepped up to examine it, and the movement brought his elegant back immediately in front of the shower apparatus and not four feet away.

He never knew what hit him. Adrian came out of his hiding place like a piece of black lightning and the solid piece of rubber hit von Gerne at the base of his skull with a force that knocked him fathoms deep into unconsciousness.

For lack of anywhere more convenient, Adrian ultimately laid him in the bath. Two small towels came in handy for tying his wrists and feet, and a third towel, combined with a face flannel, made an excellent gag.

Adrian was busy tying the last knot when the telephone began ringing in von Gerne's drawing-room.

He finished the knot, picked his glove from the shelf, shut the bathroom door behind him, and went quickly through the bedroom to the telephone.

"Is that 33663?" a faint voice inquired.

Please turn to page 8

Continuing our thrilling
serial of international intrigue

By LAURENCE MEYNELL

decorated in pink. Adrian smiled. He had an idea, somehow, that von Gerne's tastes in interior decoration would run to the exotic. The drawing-room was mainly green and blue with half a dozen prints on the otherwise bare walls. But it was only a glance that Adrian spared for these details.

It was to the writing-table in one corner and the desk by it that he devoted his attention. He worked extremely quickly and with the greatest method. And all the time his eyes aided his quick hands. When a thing was picked up and examined it was put down in its original place exactly.

A preliminary survey on these lines showed him nothing. He next walked slowly round the room looking at mantelshelf, bookcase, side tables and chairs. All the time he took care to keep a little distance away from the objects he was look-

ple's handbag) and vivid red oilskin hung round the shower in one corner.

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JEAN RUNS AWAY

Australian story selected for publication from entries in our recent Fiction contest

"I'll look at your throat now, Mrs. Andrews," said Dr. Tremmerne. Jean handed him the head-mirror and the tongue-depressor and stood beside him, demure in her blue uniform and organdie cap.

The first time she had seen Dr. Tremmerne wearing his head-mirror she had silently made up an absurd limerick about a unicorn. But that was long ago. To-day Jean was pale and serious, for a frightening thing had happened. Suddenly Harley Tremmerne's face had become that of a stranger . . . and Jean was to marry him in a fortnight's time!

His proposal a year ago had been more practical than romantic, for the widowed sister who had lived with him having remarried, the doctor, it seemed, wanted Jean for a wife who would be mainly house-keeper and intellectual companion.

"We have been together so long, Jean, that I could hardly expect you to feel . . . er, romantic about me, but I am very fond of you and would do my best to make you happy."

Jean had accepted this eminently practical proposal, sure that when they were married his love would grow more ardent in response to hers. Now, on her last day in the surgery, this suddenly seemed just wishful thinking . . . romantic nonsense. Harley had turned into a cold, reserved stranger, and panic swept over her with the realisation that she could not marry him.

Accompanying Mrs. Andrews to the door she wanted to run away—down the street, anywhere! But another patient stood on the step—

a tall young man in blue serge of nautical cut.

"Dislocated my shoulder in a car accident. Could your old man fix it up, do you think?"

Jean, unaware that a ship's captain was known quite respectfully as the old man, looked at him reprovingly.

Dr. Tremmerne did what was necessary to the shoulder and said: "You'll need to rest this for a few days."

"Ay, ay, sir. Can do. I am second engineer, joining her at Brisbane, but going up there on the Oston as passenger."

Hallstones rattled on the windows; the surgery's white walls looked as bleak as an ice cavern, and the faces of Jean and the doctor were haggard in the cold light.

"Brrrr!" shivered the engineer. "I'll be glad to get back into a nice warm engine-room. Melbourne spring, eh? No good to me! Sydney's the place, don't you think?"

He addressed Jean as she helped the doctor strap and bandage the injured shoulder.

"I don't know. I have never been to Sydney."

"What! Never seen Manly Beach with the great rollers tumbling in and hundreds of girls and men sunbathing; the beach all over towels and deck-chairs and umbrellas all the colors of the rainbow! Girl, you haven't lived yet!"

He breezed off, quite unperturbed by his injury, and Jean tidied up for the last time, not sentimental about it, but dazed at her sudden revulsion for Harley.

Nearly all night she lay awake rehearsing words in which she would tell him that she could not go through with their sensible, practical marriage. If only she could have a few days' grace to pull herself together and screw up her courage—run away to some place where no one knew her. And suddenly came a vision of Sydney's beaches, as the engineer had described them.

"I'll go to Sydney . . . on a ship, and I'll write to Harley from there," and Jean curled up and went to sleep.

Hasty packing! A berth fortunately vacant on the Oston, for a Miss Russell had just cancelled her passage.

"Why not go on to Brisbane, have two days there and return on the Ballara?" the shipping clerk asked persuasively.

"Why, yes. I will."

A hasty buying of new clothes—a haircut and a "perm."

While sitting under the drier she scribbled a note to Harley.

"Dear Harley,—I have suddenly decided to have a run up to Brisbane on the Oston, leaving to-day, and return on the Ballara. I am tired and have been sleeping badly and want a few days' rest and

change. Will write to you on return to Sydney. It may seem funny my dashing off like this, so if anyone asks about me just say . . ."

She tore that sheet out and continued on the next:

" . . . that I am going to visit an old friend in the Alps—Omeo—for a few days. Excuse hasty scrawl as I have only an hour to finish a lot of shopping.—Jean."

She scrambled the note into an envelope and dashed out.

"That lady wrote a letter while she was in the drier, and then she went off and left half of it on the floor. She won't be back for it; she was hurrying to catch a boat," said the hairdresser, and the first sheet of the note dropped into the waste basket.

THE Oston cleared Port Phillip Heads, and the ship lifted to the ocean swell.

"Lovely, lovely!" breathed Jean. "Do you love the sea?" The engineer, yesterday's patient, stood beside her at the rail. "You are admiring the ocean, aren't you?"

"Yes!" Jean's smile was radiant. "What a beautiful coast—Sorrento. Is it?"

The engineer looked as pleased as if he had done it all himself. He sat with Jean at dinner, which she ate like a child at a party.

"By the way, how is the dislocated shoulder?" she asked him.

"Fine, thanks . . . but how on earth did you know that I had dislocated it?"

"Well, as I helped the doctor to bandage it."

"But you are not the nurse!"

"Yes. Why not?"

"You are an entirely different type of girl."

Jean glanced as if casually at Renee's admirer and stood transfixed.

"No, it is just the short hair and the perm."

"No, it is more than the hair. You and your Old Man were both so white and dim. Now you are sparkling with life. Well, I'll be keel-hauled! Name, please."

"Jean Randolph."

"Second Engineer, Tom Pearce—Tom to you, and I'll call you Jenny."

The next few days, with the brief stay in Sydney, were like a wonderful dream to Jean, and passed all too quickly.

After the Oston left Sydney she found her two-berth cabin littered with strange clothes and baggage, and in the other berth a platinum blonde sitting up in bed cleaning off a heavy layer of make-up.

"Oh, are you the one in my cabin?" she inquired, and promptly proceeded to bore Jean with confidences about a "lovely man" on the passenger plane on which she had flown from Melbourne. He had taken her to Manly and to dinner, and was about going to Brisbane, and, like herself, returning on the Ballara.

"You are going to have a marvellous time with him," promised Jean, who wanted to go to sleep.

All next day the ship ran close to the Queensland coast through blue calm sea and radiant sunshine. Tom sat with Jean most of the day, talking idly or smoking in silence. Instead of worrying about the problem of her future Jean found herself too lazy and happy to think about it at all. High up on the little deck, away from the other passengers, she wondered how Miss Renee Lamour, the exotic blonde was progressing with the "lovely man"—though progressing was

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ELAINE MACDONALD

probably too gradual for her and she just reached out and grabbed.

Jean stayed up late with Tom that evening, in velvety darkness with stars brilliant in the clear, warm air. It was a shock to realise how much she was going to miss him. She found herself wondering if people could really fall in love in five days.

Five days with Tom... five years with Harley.

"I don't suppose I'll see much of you on the Ballara, Tom?" she said.

"I will be on duty there, but I will manage to see you sometimes all the same. Will you miss me?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Good-night, Jenny. You have been very sweet and helped me a lot." A hard, muscular arm held her for a moment and warm lips brushed hers. Helped him? What did that mean?

Two days later the Ballara left the wide estuary of the Brisbane River behind and steamed southward, and as the semi-tropical night followed swiftly on the flaming sunset Jean felt apprehension of the future darken the new brightness of her spirit.

But there was new strength, too, in knowing clearly what she was going to do. She knew now that Harley had been wrong in asking her to give up her life to a marriage that offered no more than friendship and convenience.

She would leave the ship at Sydney and write to him, then, working as a nurse, would travel all over Australia.

With a deep sigh and a straightening of the shoulders Jean went below to find out who was her new cabin mate. But Renee Lamour was sitting up in bed, wiping off her eyebrows in the now familiar way.

"Oh, Miss Russell, fancy you still being in my cabin! Why haven't you gone on to Townsville in the Oston?"

"Because I am not Miss Russell. It was a Miss Russell who was going to do that, but she cancelled her passage at the last minute and I took her berth. My name is Jean Randolph."

The washbasin was full of frangipani and gerberas.

"Did the devoted admirer give you a good time in Brisbane?" Jean inquired.

Well, some of the time he went off with a man to look at what you get if mosquitoes bite you or something, but I made him come shopping this afternoon and buy himself a mustard-colored pullover. He was going to buy a dowdy old grey one. I've made him grow a moustache, too. He is going to look lovely."

Up on deck next morning Jean felt forlorn, as Tom, with another engineer, passed quickly with a smile and a salute. Altogether there seemed to be something depressing about the Ballara. It had not the holiday atmosphere of the Oston. Passengers gathered around the radio for every news session, and talked gravely in groups afterwards. One caught the words Hitler, Poland, France.

Even the devoted admirer had not. Miss Lamour reported after luncheon, been quite himself, but had been "sort of funny all the morning. You'd think he was trying to dodge someone, he is so fidgety."

"Creditors, perhaps!"

"Oh, no, he's got plenty of money." Jean forbore to point out that there are men who find it more fun to spend their money on spectacular blondes than to pay their debts with it.

"His wife, perhaps!" But Miss Lamour could not see jokes, and replied earnestly: "Oh, no, he is not married 'cause I asked him. I don't like married men falling in love with me. I am funny like that."

"Has he gone so far as telling you his name?"

"Oh, yes, dee-ar, but it is one of those funny sort of names, so I just call him Bill. Oh, there he is! Bill, here I am! Bi-lli!" She darted after a yellow pullover that had just disappeared behind a funnel, leaving Jean smiling after her.

"Hallo, Jenny. What is the joke?" Unseen, Tom had come up behind her.

Jean told him about Renee and her admirer, adding: "But he is getting restless—dodging behind funnels and nipping downstairs."

"She has brought him to anchor

now up forward, behind a hatch. I will show you where they are, and you go and have a look at him and tell me what he is like. I have to report to the Old Man, but I'll see you later."

"I'd love to have a look at him. This magazine she dropped is a good excuse..."

Jean was laughing as she went around the hatch.

"Excuse me, Miss Lamour, but you dropped this..." She glanced as if casually at the admirer... and stood transfixed, staring.

He was Dr. Harley Tremorne! Dr. Tremorne, in the yellow pullover, with a healthily tanned face and a dark line of moustache making him surprisingly good-looking.

He was wearing something else, too, that was new—the small guilty grin of a boy caught in mischief. From the whirling confusion of Jean's mind one thought emerged clearly: "He is not surprised to see me!"

She was thankful to hear her own voice saying with admirable coolness: "How do you do? I had no idea that you were on board... and of course you must have been on the Oston, too! How long have you known that I was here?"

The doctor was visibly shaken by this broadside. "I didn't see you at all on the Oston. There were a hundred other passengers..."

"Yes, and you know dee-ar," Miss Lamour chipped in, "Bill didn't get much chance to see you when you were up on that little deck with that engineer all the time." This was quite true, but still Jean could have cheerfully screwed the blonde girl's neck. Bill indeed!

"Exactly!" The doctor seized his advantage like a cricketer taking a neat boundary catch. "And naturally I was not expecting to see you there."

BUT you had my letter telling you that I was going up to Brisbane on the Oston."

"I certainly had not. I had a letter—or rather half a one, the second sheet only—saying that you were going to visit an old friend up in the mountains. When Miss Lamour mentioned that her cabin mate was Jean Randolph, not Miss Russell, I found you, and then kept out of your way. It seemed the most tactful thing to do."

"Please forgive me for interrupting you, then," Jean murmured, and hurried away to her cabin.

"Why, why, why?" ran her thoughts. Why was Harley so much embarrassed at meeting her? And why was he there at all? It was not as if he were running away in sudden panic as Jean had done. He was getting the sort of marriage that he wanted... or was he?

Slowly it came to Jean that Harley was that not so very rare person—a man who was shy with women, who could not bring himself to offer endearments, caresses even to his future wife unless she had shown that they would be welcome, and Jean's pride had never let her do that.

But Renee Lamour would have no hesitation at all about it, and this might well have given her an appeal for the reserved doctor. Was it possible that he, like Jean, had lost his nerve about their marriage at the last minute? Well, if foolish pride had made her lose him, then that pride must help her to offer him his freedom with calmness and dignity.

She lingered nervously over dinner and coffee in the lounge, for she could see Harley outside on the deck waiting for her. At last she screwed up her courage and stepped through the doorway.

"Oh, there you are, Bill!"

Yes, of course Miss Lamour would butt in just at that tense moment. But Jean placed herself swiftly between them.

"You must excuse me, Miss Lamour. I really must borrow the doctor from you for a few minutes."

"O.K., but don't be long, Bill!"

"And now perhaps you will explain this ridiculous running away to Brisbane without saying that you were going, and all this carrying on with strangers!"

No, it was not Jean speaking. It was the reserved doctor letting himself go properly in the role of jealous, possessive male.

"Well, I had only a few talks with Tom... Mr. Pearce on the Oston,



and have hardly seen him on this ship. I didn't take him to dinner and around the harbor in Sydney and buy him flowers and magazines and wear yellow pullovers and grow a moustache to please him!"

"You got your hair cut and curled and bought new clothes. As for Miss Lamour, the poor girl was crying on the plane, and she might have been ill. As a medical man naturally I... your engineer friend wasn't crying, was he?"

"No," said Jean with immense dignity. "He..." and suddenly the dignity collapsed like a house of cards and she went off into fits of unrestrained girlish giggles. A great

"Now perhaps you will explain this ridiculous running away," Harley said sternly.

wave of happiness and relief washed over her. Harley was hot, jealous, angry. He did love her after all, but was waiting for some sign that she loved him.

She lifted her face to his. The doctor had kissed her occasionally during their engagement—just formal pecks. Now he took his time and made a good job of it.

"Harley, Harley! I nearly lost you. I was going to stay in Sydney and write to you from there, saying that I could not marry you."

"You are going to marry me in Sydney to-morrow. Oh, Jean, you seemed to be so distant and reserved and at the end I hated you for being willing to marry me without loving me. I gave up hope of making you love me when you were my wife, and, well, I was just desperate and felt I had to get away to think what was best to do about it. And is that why you ran away, too, dear?"

Please turn to page 19

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ADRIAN

grunt which was evidently taken as being confirmatory, for the faint and somewhat impatient voice went on. "Hold on, please. I've got a district call for you. Call out, Insfarne."

"But Insfarne, whoever Insfarne might be, did not call out, and Adrian, listening with interest and amusement, could hear the operator's voice becoming more and more peevish. "Insfarne 52, are you still on the line?" Call out, please, go ahead."

But still there was no immediate response and Adrian never heard what Insfarne had to say for at that instant the drawing-room door began to open slowly inwards.

Like many another good strategist, Adrian had a rooted objection to fighting on two fronts at once, and much as he would have liked to continue the telephone conversation he realised that he must deal with this fresh situation. He replaced the receiver and pulled the black silk scarf well up round his face, and the fingers of his right hand closed round the small hard butt of von Gerne's revolver.

The door had now swung open to its full extent.

"Hallo," said the visitor "what are you doing here?"

Then her eyes took in the black scarf and the little gleaming barrel of the revolver and she gasped.

Adrian smiled pleasantly. "Don't be scared," he said. "Just keep quiet, very quiet, that's all."

She was a blonde with "theatre" stamped all over her. Probably her photograph was hanging up in the bedroom, Adrian thought.

"You were expecting to see Captain von Gerne?" he asked.

"Yes—yes. What have you done with him?"

The Dark Square

Continued from page 5

Adrian laughed outright.

"What a suspicious young lady you are! Why should I have done anything to him? I am here awaiting his arrival, just as you are." The girl was recovering herself rapidly.

"Got quite a little reception committee ready for him, haven't you?" she asked, nodding to the steadily held revolver. "Well, go ahead. Shoot him up. I don't mind. Only don't shoot me up by mistake. I'm not in on this act at all."

"I don't intend to shoot anybody up," Adrian assured her. "And on the whole I think I'll leave you to do the reception of Captain von Gerne—when he turns up. All things considered, I think the time is ripe for what I believe is described as a 'get-away.' Would you mind very much moving back to the wall behind you and standing there with your hands well above your head?"

Animal Antics



"You're not getting into this bed with those new-fangled hair curlers on!"

The girl did as she was bid with the comment:

"I get paid for this sort of thing in gangster films."

"Ah, but in gangster films the revolver isn't loaded," Adrian pointed out. "This one is. Good-night."

He pocketed the revolver, slipped out into the little hall and out again on to the landing, jumped straight into the lift and was downstairs and out in the dark road all within two minutes.

His evening's excursion had amused him, and he was in hopes that it had gained him a vital clue.

"I've got rather a sore throat this morning," Adrian lied to his young ladies, "so you will be spared the customary boredom of a lecture" (appreciative titters).

"On the other hand it will be an excellent opportunity for you to do some work instead of me" (grins and one barely suppressed groan).

"Will you therefore please take up your pens and write quickly, as the scripture says. And your subject had better be, 'The character in Shakespeare which most appeals to me, and why.' (Ill disguised demonstration of dismay in the classroom). "As a completely undeserved incentive I shall present a large box of chocolates to the writer of the best essay." ("Goosh" and a rustling of paper).

"Please, Mr. Mawley."

"Miss Evans, if you have forgotten either pen, paper or blotting paper, if you have run out of ink or ideas, if your fountain pen won't work or your desk is broken, you must not expect me to assist you. I am not Harrods, merely a down-trodden lecturer in English literature."

"No. It isn't any of those things, Mr. Mawley."

"What fresh disaster have you managed to invent?"

"It isn't anything like that, Mr. Mawley. I just wanted to know if we could write about a romantic character if we wish to?"

Adrian's eyes rolled heavenwards. "Romance, what crimes are committed in this name," he said. "Write what you like, Miss Evans, and if you appreciate good chocolates, write well. Any lady who addresses any further remark to me during

the next hour will be automatically disqualified from the prize."

Sixteen young heads, dark, fair, golden, curly, bent over their virgin sheets, and Adrian pulled in front of him and opened an enormous tome.

He had taken the precaution of covering it in brown paper so that his class might think it a lexicon, an encyclopaedia, or heaven knows what, so long as they did not realise that it was only a telephone directory A-Z of Charneck and the surrounding district.

Adrian did not wish anybody to know that he was making inquiries about "Insfarne 52" and he had decided on this laborious, but ultimately certain, method of search. It was not made any easier by the cumbersome method of grouping telephones in Turbany. There were no separate sections devoted to different districts, and he realised with a sigh that the only thing to do was to work patiently through all the numbers and examine each "Insfarne" entry.

It took him almost exactly three-quarters of an hour, by which time he had worked his way laboriously through to the M's.

"Mountain Farm, Insfarne. Insfarne 52," was the entry.

Adrian was intrigued by the absence of any name, and he was more curious than ever to find out what friends the smart young officer had in this out-of-the-way hamlet.

Insfarne, an insignificant village, lies in the wild and mountainous country immediately to the north of Charneck. To get there you must take a desperately leisurely local train from the capital to Bruk, and then either await the haphazard pleasure of a carrier's motor van or walk.

Adrian did the latter, for the distance from Bruk to Insfarne, as his map assured him, was only five miles, and to arrive there on foot would give color to the part he had decided to play.

There was an establishment halfway between cafe and shop where he applied for local knowledge. He had donned shorts and a haversack and was instantly recognised for what he was pretending to be. "Here," the fat madame of the cafe said to herself.

Adrian bought a quarter of a litre of wine, open, and whilst drinking the rough, rasping stuff put his innocent queries about the neighborhood generally and Mountain Farm in particular.

Please turn to page 28

New Piano Album

GEMS OF STRAUSS



17 Beautiful waltzes including "The Blue Danube," "The Emperor's Waltz," "The Gipsy Baron," "The Sphered, Lorely," "Each one a gem, 64 finely printed pages, 60 gorgeous colour cover, 40/- worth of music for 4/-, 4/3 posted. If you like Strauss waltzes you will be thrilled with these.

Price 4/-; Posted 4/3

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ALLAN & CO. PTY. LTD.,
276 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

ITCH GERMS

Cause killed in 3 days

Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause itching, crawling, eczema, freckles, burning, acne, ringworm, psoriasis, blisters, pimples, foot itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs in 3 minutes and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clean, attractive smooth skin in one week or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble.

Nixoderm now 2/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch

Don't Endure Slipping

FALSE TEETH

Do your false teeth drop or slip when you talk, eat, laugh, or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed a minute longer. **FASTTEETH**, a new powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps teeth firm. Gives fine feeling of security and comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Get **FASTTEETH** to-day at any chemist. (2 sizes)

£1000 FOR A NOVEL

That is what The Australian Women's Weekly is offering in its great

£2000 Fiction Contest

Entries for the serial section of the contest close on **Sept. 30, 1942**

KIDNEY TROUBLE

? NOT IF YOU TAKE
DE WITT'S PILLS



Seven Years Later. "I am still in good health, thanks to De Witt's Pills."

Have you become a victim of kidney trouble—an easy victim because you don't know the danger signs?

Backache, rheumatic twinges, joint pains, dizzy spells—all are symptoms of sluggish kidney action. Tone up and strengthen those weak kidneys with De Witt's Pills and you will quickly put an end to your pain. Here is one of many reports proving this.

Mr. H. F. writes:—"For three years I was a great sufferer with my kidneys. At times I have been doubled in two, unable to attend my work. I saw in the papers what De Witt's Pills did for others and decided to try them. After taking four to six doses, I felt better. Two bottles of pills made me strong and well again. I consider De Witt's Pills marvellous."

WEAK KIDNEYS

lead to

**Backache Cystitis
Lumbago Joint Pains
Rheumatism Sciatica
Disturbed Nights**

You don't have long to wait before you know De Witt's Pills are putting new life into your sluggish kidneys. In 24 hours from the first dose you have proof of their action. Trust these famous pills as thousands of others have done.

De Witt's Pills
KIDNEY AND BLADDER

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of chemists and storekeepers everywhere, prices, 1/6, 3/-, and 5/9.



• Deanna Durbin, now twenty-two, posed for these pictures on Leo Carrillo's own ranch in California, where she visits. French Jean Renoir is directing her new Universal film, "Forever Yours."

• Deanna's next picture, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," to be begun immediately she has completed "Forever Yours," will show the part played by young women in the war effort.

Movieworld

Deanna's War Film

By VIOLA MACDONALD, in Hollywood

DEANNA DURBIN's current film, "Forever Yours," casts her as an American girl, the daughter of a missionary in China. Looking mature beyond her years in her film costume, Deanna told me on the set: "For a long time I have wished to play in a film of significance in current affairs. Now I have the opportunity to show women's place in this war, and to bring home to screen audiences the heroic resistance of the Chinese women and girls, many of whom are fighting to-day. "Army war stories should give an inspiration to all women by showing examples of devotion to duty."



<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4721114>

Three studios want this charming actor

From VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

I LUNCHEd with Viennese Paul Henreid at Warner Bros. just after he had returned from his cross-country stage tour in conjunction with his RKO film, "Joan of Paris."

Warners have grabbed Henreid for the envied co-starring role with Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager."

"I still can't believe the great opportunity which has befallen me," declared Henreid, as we settled down at a secluded table in Warners' restaurant to discuss our lunch-soup and his career.

Paul is a tremendous admirer of Bette Davis. In fact, the six-foot actor, vividly blue-eyed and sun-kissed, began to talk about the amount of talent in Hollywood—and had to be steered back to his own life story.

He came to America only last year—and a villain's role was responsible. Remember the handsome Nazi spy in the British film, "Night Train to Munich"? That was Paul, then using his full Viennese name of Paul von Henreid. He is a baron by inheritance from his father, once a well-known European banker and adviser to the Emperor. But Paul, who has taken out his citizenship papers, has dropped the use of his title. It seems so silly, he says.

"American life fascinates me," he broke off to say. "I can't get accustomed to the newness of it all—although I meet so many friends here again that it is for me quite a Viennese colony."

He ticked off the names of colleagues of his European stage days—Hedy Lamarr, Paul Lukas, Lulise Rainer, Carl Esmond, Elisabeth Bernger.

All of these, now in Hollywood, had appeared in Max Reinhardt's stage plays when Paul was studying under Reinhardt, too. He made his debut in Vienna as a schoolboy, in a production of Goethe's "Faust."

"I then worshipped the leading Austrian actor, Anton Edthofer, and tried to copy his stage technique," said Paul with a smile. For his pretty Viennese wife of to-day was once married to Mr. Edthofer.

"My real career did not begin, however, until I went to England."

Driven out of Austria by the Nazis, in 1935, he was fortunate in speaking English with just enough accent to make it piquant. He first toured the English provinces in "Victoria Regina," playing Prince Albert. He then began film work. Remember the German schoolmaster in "Good-bye, Mr. Chips"? That was Paul, too.



• Viennese actor Paul Henreid smiles into the Californian sun after a morning ride. Brought to Hollywood for RKO's "Joan of Paris," Henreid has since become Bette Davis' leading man in "Now, Voyager." To-day three Hollywood studios are bidding for his services.

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

WILL HEAL YOUR SKIN

THINK how marvellous it would be to be free from that constant irritation, that pain, that nasty sleep-robbing inflammation! Cleanse your skin from those blemishes! See those open places heal over. **Germolene** will accomplish this wonderful result for you. Get a tin without delay and see how it cleanses, heals, soothes and wipes away all types of skin trouble. **Germolene** will heal your skin clean.

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ABSCESSSES, SUNBURN, CUTS, etc.



Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests

Prove
New
Shampoo's
Glorifying Action

Clearly Proved

1. 15% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair softer, smoother.
3. Makes perms faster, safer.
4. Retains hair's elasticity.



SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Dull, cloudy, soap-washed hair. RIGHT—Bright, shining "Colnated" side.

Here are the strictest and most convincing tests ever made on a shampoo. Unique "half-head" tests—one side washed with Colnated foam, the other with a soap or powder shampoo—show amazing results. Hair brighter, more manageable. Takes better "perms"—faster.

THIS revolutionary Colnated foam is not a soap, not an oil. Changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that completely washes away all grease, dirt and loose dandruff. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap-scum" or oily residue to remove. Test it yourself—and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. Make a note to ask your usual chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colnated foam Shampoo. (Costs less than 4d. a shampoo.)

It was after "Night Train to Munich" that he and his wife sailed for America—but not direct for Hollywood. They landed in New York, where Paul commenced a Broadway career in Elmer Rice's "Flight to the West." His role was that of a bombastic German consul, and Paul filled it with biting satire. "It's an actor's way of saying what he thinks of those men!" Paul exclaimed to the New York Press.

His loathing of the Nazis dates back to the days, shortly after Hitler's rise, when he went to Berlin to make a UFA film, and was so appalled by what he saw of Nazism that he cancelled his contract and went straight back to then free Vienna.

In New York, RKO interviewed the actor and persuaded him to sign a term contract. As soon as "Flight to the West" had closed on Broadway, he and his wife left New York by car. They had a holiday in Arizona, and were still there when the studio decided that Paul would be ideal as Michele Morgan's leading man in "Joan of Paris."

Now Paul is terrifically in demand. He has to make two pictures a year for RKO, with a possible third if time permits. He gets six months off every season for Broadway—the stage is his first love. And Warners' want him for another picture; Paramount is angling for him, too.

So he will not have much time to play the tennis he adores—every spare moment finds him on a court; to ride in the week-ends; and to visit any plays he can. For Paul is the rarest thing in this town to-day, a young man (he is 33) who has talent, attraction, and vigor—and who cannot, until he becomes a citizen, enlist.

Tom Walls returns

THE amusing English comedian Tom Walls, who has been off the screen for the past four years, returns for an interesting role in "Ghetnik," a film about Yugoslavian patriots.

Filming has just begun with a location trip to Wales. Tom will portray the spirited head of a Yugoslavian family. John Clements has the lead, and Michael Balcon is producing the film.

• For Private Views and special Film Cable from Hollywood, see page 19.



WHO DO YOU WANT
TO OWN AUSTRALIA

THIS CHAP
OR THE JAP?

Let Your Money Fight for Him
Buy War Savings Certificates

Inserted by the Manufacturers of:

LAXETTES

The Gentle and Effective
Laxative for Children.



Working at the Hospital...



leaving
the Church...



she's lovely with
Pond's "Lips" and Pond's Powder

You're working harder to-day than ever before, and wartime duties leave you practically no spare time. But are you going to look any the less attractive because of that? Of course not!

Expensive beauty treatments are out, naturally. But face powder and lipstick are two "musts" in any girl's scheme of beauty. You want the kind that's not expensive to buy, and certainly economical in use.

Pond's Powder clings flatteringly through busy hours... it's made with the softest, finest texture of all.

Pond's "Lips" stay on and on and on. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Powder and Lipstick. Six exquisite shades to choose from.



THRIFT
a weapon to
defeat the enemy

All of us have been asked to restrict our spending. You can help by cutting down on your use of our products. Make your lipstick and your powder spin out as long as you possibly can. Pond's Lipstick and Powder are naturally economical to use, but you can make them even more economical. In doing this, you'll save money that will help our war effort in more ways than one.



Pond's Powder
Pond's "Lips"

Made by the makers of Pond's famous Creams.

Pond's "Lips" Refills are now available
at all chemists and stores.



Be a shock trooper in the Austerity Army!



DON'T dine out. Save manpower by cooking your own meals.



DON'T buy tinned or processed foods if you can help it.



DON'T refurbish your home. Make do with what you've got.



DON'T waste money on "certs." Australia needs that 5/-.



DON'T travel unnecessarily. Our railways are overburdened.



DON'T buy baubles just because they require no coupons.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S LODGE at Canberra, which is being run by Mrs. Curtin on austerity lines in spite of its size.

Prime Minister's wife gives lead to nation

By MRS. JOHN CURTIN

The Australian housewife would find it hard to imagine herself as a shock trooper, but that is the role she can play in the new army which the Government is recruiting.

That new army is the Austerity Army, and its job is to wage war on wastage, one of the worst enemies of any nation at war.

Every Australian citizen—no matter what age or sex—can join the Austerity Army, but it is easy to see why women in the home must be the shock troops, while every kitchen must be made a bastille and every sewing-machine a weapon of war.

A BIG proportion of the weekly pay envelope is spent on running the house, and the housewife is the one who is responsible for spending this money.

She is the one, therefore, who must devise a means of saving on her weekly budget.

What is austerity, and why is it necessary?

Austerity implies, firstly, doing with less of, or entirely doing without, many of the peacetime comforts we have come to regard as our right, and, secondly, applying many things to better advantage for the war effort.

It is necessary for two reasons—first to give the Government, in the form of loans, the money it needs to pay for the greatest war budget in Australian history; and second to enable labor and material still being used to produce peacetime goods to be transferred to war work.

Austerity means a lot more than self-denial for self-denial's sake. It is self-denial for a purpose, and that purpose is winning the war.

How can the housewife practice austerity in the home? In countless ways, and here are some of them:

She can use cheaper cuts of meat and dress them up skilfully so that

How the Curtins live

MRS. JOHN CURTIN, wife of the Prime Minister, has been a housewife all her life.

She has looked after her husband and raised two children in their cottage at Cotlesloe, West Australia.

Since living at the Lodge in Canberra she has applied the same simple, efficient house-keeping.

She has closed many rooms and has arranged plain wholesome meals for herself and husband.

In the article on this page she describes the housewives' part in the war effort based on the principles she has put into practice in her own home.

they taste as well as the more expensive cuts.

She can use mutton and lamb, of which we have plenty, instead of beef and pork which we need for canning for our own and the American forces in Australia and for export to our Allies.

She can use fresh fruits, green vegetables and honey, which are plentiful, instead of foods in short supply such as potatoes and rice.

By rigid economy she can make the weekly allowance of butter and sugar go further, thus releasing more

butter and sugar to help meet Britain's urgent needs.

She can release labor for war work by refraining from buying processed food.

She can release tinplate for war production by purchasing fresh food instead of tinned food.

She can keep up the nation's food reserve by keeping down her own—i.e., by refusing to hoard food-stuffs at the expense of others.

She can revise her weekly food quantity and order so exactly that the rubbish bin is used only for rubbish, not for food that has to be thrown away.

If she has time she can knit the children's school socks at home. Hand-knitted socks last much longer and can easily be refooted when it is no longer possible to darn them with wool.

She can discard stockings in the summer and wear socks, which are more economical and use up less material.

Above all she can follow the golden rule for austerity shopping—buy only the things you really need and at the time you really need them.

Never buy an article unless you really need it to replace something you have already used up.

If she follows all these austerity hints—and the many others that will occur to her—the housewife will be making a telling contribution to Australia's war effort.

In a very real sense she will be a shock trooper in Australia's new Austerity Army.



MRS. CURTIN, wife of the Prime Minister, checking over her household accounts at the Lodge in Canberra.



DO buy War Savings Stamps, Certificates, or Bonds often.



DO use foods that are plentiful instead of things that are short.



DO grow your own vegetables by saving bathwater if necessary.



DO make all the clothes you can to save labor and money.



DO make scones and tarts instead of buying biscuits.



DO take healthy relaxation to keep yourself fit for work.

People's plans for sterner living!

By a staff reporter

I have asked a hundred people, men, women, and girls, what they are planning to do about the Austerity Campaign.

FEW people to whom I spoke had really got round to the viewpoint that being austere may mean being thoroughly uncomfortable, and that we probably shall all be very uncomfortable, whether we like it or not, before the war is won.

One of the most constructive suggestions came from a woman who had just returned from shopping in town.

"The easiest way to avoid spending money is to take only a little with you.

"I went to town to buy some necessary items. One of them was an anorak.

"The kitchenware department of the store I shopped at was on the same floor as glassware and china.

"I saw a vase that I wanted, the shape I have been wanting for a

considerable time. It was only 2/11. A couple of months ago I would have bought it without hesitation.

"I saw a few other things, too, that, using what was such a popular catchphrase earlier in the war, I could have deluded myself were necessary to my morale."

Rationing has already made a majority of people fairly careful about their clothes. Business girls are looking forward to a stocking-less summer, and a good many of them have eliminated gloves entirely.

Only a few have as yet, however, seriously considered clothing from the point of view of absolute necessity.

Another housewife's suggestion

was a complete overhaul of the family cupboard.

"Even to-day many family cupboards will produce innumerable items of house linen and clothing, not shabby enough to be thrown away, and kept with a vague idea that they may come in handy.

"If everyone decided to produce one wearable item from these old clothes, saved coupons and money, it would mean a considerable total for War Bonds," she said.

"Many women don't take enough care of their clothes, especially business women who have formerly been able to buy fairly lavishly.

"They add an apron to their day clothes and proceed to get the dinner. One spot that eludes the apron may mean a dry cleaner's bill.

"If they must wear stockings to town they should take them off when they go home, and change to old shoes immediately, too."

One of the items most frequently mentioned as being cut down or cut out was smoking. The price rise has influenced this decision.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 19, 1942

AUSTERITY—FOR VICTORY

MOST over-worked word in Australia lately has been austerity. The word rings strangely in this land of plenty.

In nearly three years of war we have suffered little more than minor inconveniences in the normal routine of living, compared with the deprivations of the British, the Russians, the Chinese.

We have economised to buy War Bonds and Savings Certificates, to send parcels to the boys overseas, to meet higher prices.

But for most of us these economies have meant little more than the passing up of expensive clothes, of parties and holidays, in short, of luxuries.

The call now is for something more uncomfortable than that. This time we are asked to practise self-denial till it hurts.

We are asked to recognise how many of the things we take for granted are luxuries when compared with the true necessities of life.

Those of us who now work extra hard for a little more money than we used to have may feel we have earned the right to a little extra comfort and even an occasional sample of luxury.

This right, like all our other rights, is threatened by the war and we must give it up temporarily to preserve it permanently.

Nobody, not even Mr. Curtin, can cut us a pattern for austerity. The call to austerity is a personal problem to which the answer lies in the right-mindedness, the good heart of each of us.

There's a slogan you see about that: "It all depends on me."

It does.

—THE EDITOR.

Training trials of a rookie



FOOTBALL TEAM of an A.I.F. transport unit which is now back in Australia from the Middle East. L. to R.: Standing—Drs. Jolly, Davies, Cooney, Kneadum, Champion, Schaffer. Kneeling—Drs. King, Elith, Cpl. Belton, Drs. Liversedge, Margin.

A HILARIOUS description of his first week in camp is given by a Victorian rookie in this week's "Letters from our Boys."

A member of the R.A.A.F. in camp in Victoria to a friend in Kikoro, N.S.W.:

"I HAVE now been in camp over a week, and do I like it!

"The route marches are great. The longest I've been is nine miles. When we were nearly home I thought I had a nail in my boot; when I got in I have a look—result, no nail, but a whopping big blister under the ball of each foot. I showed them to the drill instructor, who promptly chased me off to the doctor, who took a glance at them and gave me a chit to see the chiropodist, and did he give my feet a work-over! Then I was given an order to exempt me from marches for three days, but I only missed one day. I wanted to be in it.

"There is a smart Alec in our squad. When he saw my order for no marching he straight away developed sore feet and hobbled over to the doctor with a terrific limp. The doctor took a look at them and returned him to duty. Instead of going out this week-end he has to peel a couple of bags of onions. Did he snort!

"The first day we started drilling it was bitterly cold. The drill instructor formed us up in columns of three, then set us off down the track at a fast double.

"When we had gone about fifty yards I'm laughing to myself. You should have seen them. They were all over the track. Brown's cows weren't in it.

"My mind was anywhere but on the drill instructor, when suddenly he shouted, 'About turn.'

"I didn't know what to do, neither did the other 69 in the squad. You couldn't imagine the scene that followed. It positively beggared description. There was a big milling mob. Half a dozen went down.

"The village blacksmith from Benalla was in front of me. He knocked over a couple in front of him, then pulled up and threw his head back and smacked me a wallop over the eye with his skull.

"I went to my knees and did I see stars! I've still got the sore spot.

"The instructor took one look at us, then rushed over and pretended to cry on his arm against a tree. It took about five minutes to sort us out.

"The instructor took one look at notwithstanding his bounce. But oh, boy, you should see us move now!

"Gosh, Fred, you should have been up here last night. We were dressing up to go to the pictures. I

was dressed up like a sore toe, blue suit, Air Force cap, overcoat and all. I was ready first, so I agreed to go to the post office for mail at the other end of the showgrounds.

"I was walking along quietly, turned a corner into the dark, and promptly disappeared down a slit trench with about six inches of clay and water in it.

"It was about five feet deep, so you can imagine what I looked like. When I got back you should have heard the boys laugh, about 80 of them. I was the only one that didn't laugh."

Stoker J. A. Whitson, R.A.N., to his sister, Miss A. Whitson, 6 Moore St., Colac, Vic.:

"THE Duchess of Gloucester opened an Overseas Club here the other day, and while she was looking around our party had to leave.

"There were three Diggers, three Aussie Air Force, and six Aussie sailors.

"When the people heard the footsteps coming they started to cheer. You should have seen the look on their faces when we came out and marched through the guard of honor.

"We were just going to disappear when a chap in kilts rushed up and shook hands with us and said he might have known it would be Aussies.

"He then introduced himself as Sir Harry Lauder."

Driver R. Knight, at an advanced Allied base, to his mother, Mrs. C. N. Knight, 31 Union St., Kogarah, N.S.W.:

"WE have an orchestra of four in our tent.

"One plays the violin, one the mouth organ, one sings, and the fourth beats the drum, which, by the way, is a tin dish.

"The other night the drummer mislaid the drum. To our dismay we were awakened at midnight by heavy beating on the drum.

"We approached from our barricaaded tent to find the mosquitoes stamping on it to draw us out into the open. Then they attacked from all quarters, cunning beasts."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 2s.



SGT. KEN WARREN doing his washing at an advanced Allied base.

Pte. A. H. Marshall in Australia to his mother in New Norfolk, Tas.:

"LAST week-end the band had a lot of playing to do. Saturday night we played at a barbecue which one of our companies held. It was a good turnout, plenty of good roasted meat to eat.

"Over an open fire they cooked a full-sized bullock, which was shared between about sixty men.

"There were some rather amusing sights among the boys. A chap with a full leg of beef in both hands, gnawing into it. Most of us were grease from head to toe before the whole bullock was cleaned up.

"Sunday we had to play at church parade, and in the afternoon two football teams from our battalion played two teams from other units. Our teams won both matches.

"The games were held in a small township a few miles from our camp. The band played all the afternoon at the football, and after the matches we went into the town and gave another concert till dark.

"Tea was provided by the local women, so you can guess we had rather a good luck-in."

Pte. H. Tabner somewhere in Australia to Miss E. Johnson, 21 Stone St., Yarraville, Vic.

"WORK up here is fairly consistent, although to-day was a day off for our section.

"It gives one time to catch up on the washing, which is done in a kerosene tin.

"Some very uncomplimentary remarks are passed by chaps going by, such as, 'Getting the family washing out early, Mum,' or 'another one of these change daily girls.'

"You even get asked how much you charge for shirts or shorts, so you see how hard life is for us poor wanherwomen.

"They are about as fine a lot of men as you would wish to meet, and you never go without a smoke or a few bob when things are a bit tough.

"There are always one or two of your mates with the necessary, and they don't see you going without anything. If they can do you a good turn they will, and the majority of us get along fairly well together."

Interesting People



SENOR M. SANTOS

... Our Ally

REPRESENTATIVE in Australia of our new Ally, Brazil, is SENOR MARIO SANTOS. SENOR SANTOS is attached to Brazilian Foreign Office. Is a reserve pilot in Brazil's Air Force, a Civil Engineer and Doctor of Science, University of Rio de Janeiro.



MRS. K. URQUHART

... Fighting French welfare

MRS. KENNETH URQUHART, of Sydney, wife of Commander Urquhart, R.A.N., is welfare officer in Australia for Fighting French Forces. She was appointed by Admiral d'Argenlieu, Fighting French Commissioner in Pacific. Is only woman in Australia to wear uniform of assistant de la Marine Française. Has rank of sub-lieutenant.



AIR-COMMODORE F. W. LUKIS

... Air personnel

APPOINTED Member for Personnel on the Air Board, Air-Commodore F. W. LUKIS relinquishes command of R.A.A.F. station at an advanced operational base to take up his new high administrative duties. Since beginning of war with Japan the unit which he formed and led has done outstandingly successful work. At outbreak of war he was commanding officer at Point Cook.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

THE coming week is a mixed one with things more or less adverse.

The planets Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, and Mercury, as well as the sun and moon, will all be in conflict and, as a result, people are likely to be depressed, worried, critical, careless, and argumentative.

Fortunately there are three days which promise better times, particularly Sunday, September 20. Good news, new hopes, new incentives and desirable and important changes should produce a happier frame of mind over that period.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): An ordinary week, when routine instead of over-confidence should predominate. September 16 starts well, but ends poorly. So does September 17. September 18 (to dusk) very poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): A mixed week, so make it produce more benefits than troubles. September 15 doubtful, but caution advised. September 18 can be adverse. September 19 (before 7 a.m.) good; fair to 11 p.m.; then poor. September 20 (from 8 a.m.) excellent.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Not a week for impulse and impatience; nor for changes, arguments, and upsets. This is especially so on September 16, 17, 18, and 22 (late).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): September 15 (around dawn and after 4 p.m.) good; September 18 distinctly adverse if you are unwary; September 19 (late evening) poor; September 20 doubtful; September 22 (evening) just fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Un-eventful for most Leonians. September 21 (before dawn and evening) poor; September 16 (from 7 to 10 a.m.) very fair, then poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): This can prove an important week, so plan it carefully. September 15 (after 3 p.m.) good; September 16 and 17 probably poor. September 18 (to noon) poor, then possibly adverse; September 19 (to 11 p.m.) fair, then poor. September 20 can be excellent.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): With care, you may navigate the coming days safely. September 16 (from 7 to 10 a.m.) fair; September 18 definitely poor; September 21 (around noon) and September 22 (between 7 a.m. and noon) fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A week with possibilities. September 15 (from 4 to 9 p.m.) good; September 18 difficult; September 19 (around noon) poor; September 20 very good; September 21 poor; September 22 (to dusk) poor, then fair.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Don't be rash or unwary. September 16 (after 3 p.m.) poor; September 17 confusing; September 18 can be most difficult; September 22 (evening) poor. Avoid changes, discord, and worry.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Opportunities now. September 15 (around dawn and after 3 p.m.) good; September 19 (around sunrise) good, but noon poor; September 20 (after dawn) excellent. Utilise every moment of it. September 22 (evening) fair. September 18 can be adverse.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Not very eventful. Be cautious on September 15 and 18. September 21 (midday) and September 22 (from 7 to 11.30 a.m.) fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): A week of trouble, loss, opposition, discord, and upsets for unwary Pisceans. Live quietly. Make no changes. This applies specially to September 16, 17 and 18. Things improve soon, so don't be down-hearted.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have learned that

THE OCTOPUS: Head of a gang of international spies, has loaded a robot-controlled plane with explosives and intends to crash it in a big naval shipyard, after bailing out half a mile from the yard.

THE MANAGER: Of the naval organisation immediately telephones the army airfield, and when Mandrake reaches the runway a pursuit plane is ready for him.

THE PILOT: takes the air without delay, and the death-laden plane of The Octopus is soon located.

NOW READ ON:



THAT'S THE ONE! THE OCTOPUS IS IN IT! SIGNAL THEM TO LAND AT ONCE!



THEY'RE SIGNALLING US TO LAND! WHAT'LL WE DO?

FLY ON, YOU FOOL!



WE CAN'T LET HIM DESTROY THE SHIPYARDS! USE YOUR MACHINE-GUN! WE'LL HAVE TO EXPLODE THAT CARGO OF DEATH-- IN THE AIR!

THE OCTOPUS ANSWERS WITH A BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE! MANDRAKE GIVES A TENSE ORDER TO HIS PILOT...



MANDRAKE'S ORDER: EXPLODE THE CARGO OF DEATH IN THE AIR! HIS PURSUIT PLANE DIVES AT THE OCTOPUS' PLANE--SPITTING TRACER BULLETS!



THEY'RE-- SHOOTING AT US! THEY'LL BLOW US UP!

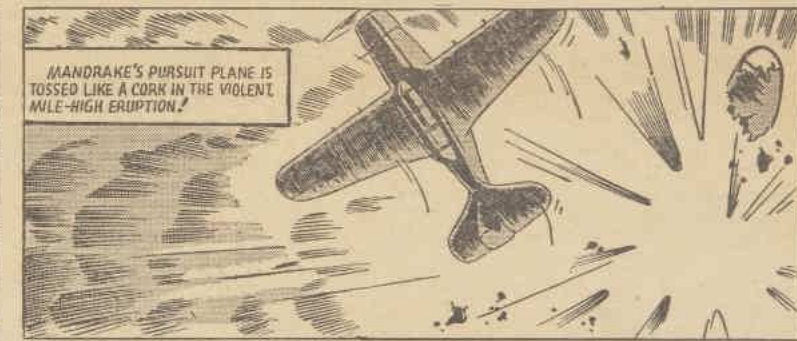
BAIL OUT, FOOL! I'LL SET THE ROBOT CONTROL AND FOLLOW YOU!



MANDRAKE'S PLANE CHASES THE EXPLOSIVE-LADEN PLANE THROUGH THE CLOUDS-- THEN SWOOPS AT IT, THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, MACHINE-GUNS BLAZING...



THE BULLETS STRIKE HOME--INTO THE TONS OF EXPLOSIVES--THERE IS A SUDDEN, VIOLENT BLAST--THE PLANE EXPLODES IN MID-AIR!



MANDRAKE'S PURSUIT PLANE IS TOSSED LIKE A CORK IN THE VIOLENT, MILE-HIGH ERUPTION!



A WING TORN, THE PILOT MANAGES TO LAND IN A PLOUGHED FIELD--THE PLANE BOUNCES AND CONTACTS THE GROUND-- THEN IS BROUGHT TO A SAFE STOP...



STILL SHAKEN BY THE EXPLOSION--THEY LOOK INTO THE AIR, NOT A FRAGMENT OF THE OCTOPUS' PLANE REMAINS--ONLY ACRID SMOKE THAT DRIFTS INTO THE CLOUDS...



YOUR COUNTRY CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH, MANDRAKE. YOU'VE SAVED THE SHIPYARDS--AND WHO KNOWS WHAT ELSE?

THE THANKS BELONG TO THE MEN WHO BUILT OUR PURSUIT PLANES--THE BEST IN THE WORLD--



WAIT--WE HAVE A MEDAL FOR YOU--

NARDA--SHE'S STILL IN THAT GAOL--!



NARDA--WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME--?

I WAS ANGRY AT FIRST--I THOUGHT I'D NEVER FORGIVE YOU--



BUT I REALISED YOU ONLY WANTED TO BE SURE I'D BE SAFE FROM THE OCTOPUS--WHERE--IS HE?

WHERE HE'LL NEVER HARM YOU--OR ANYONE ELSE AGAIN.

TO BE CONTINUED

How Moscow's heroic women keep the home fires burning



SOVIET WOMEN stepping out to their latest job, the felling of forests to provide coal-less Moscow with firewood for the winter.

They're felling birch forests to save the city from freezing this winter

By GODFREY BLUNDEN
Our war correspondent in Moscow

I have read the history of this year in Moscow in the hands of Moscow's women. They like to have dainty hands. The manicure shops here are always crowded. I've seen as many as ten manicurists in one shop paring, polishing, tinting, varnishing finger-nails of young and old women. Factory women wear gloves to protect their hands in the workshops.

But during recent months the standard of grooming of women's hands has fallen off a great deal. You notice blunt, broken finger-nails, calloused palms, blackened knuckles.

The women of Moscow have been working on the Labor Front.

LET me explain what that means. The Labor Front here is the total labor resources of Moscow mobilised for war work.

War work doesn't mean working in factories and munition plants, knitting comforters or making bandages.

In Russia it means hard, slogging, pick and shovel work.

Last year the women of Moscow went out into the fields west of Moscow and dug tank-traps, trenches, dug-outs, so that the retreating Russian Army would have prepared positions.

Probably their work helped to save Moscow as much as General Zukov's famous counter-attacks.

This year they are cutting wood. You see, there's practically no coal in Moscow. The Germans have taken or destroyed the coalfields which used to supply Moscow, and while there is much coal in the Ural Mountains it is needed for urgent war industries, and there is not much to spare for domestic consumption.

To live in Moscow during the winter you must have heat.

Sometimes the temperature drops to thirty degrees below zero, and if the rooms of your apartment aren't heated ice will form on the inside walls.

There are few men left in Moscow who aren't on full-time essential war jobs; in fact, you see few who aren't in Red Army uniform.

So women have to do the job.

Last week I went out to see them doing it. We drove fifty miles outside Moscow to a forest of silver birch which the women were felling and sawing.

It was a lovely wood of tall, young trees straining as telegraph poles. The sunlight slanted down on the mossy forest floor. There was that pleasant smell of newly-cut timber.

The Commissar in charge, a good-looking, youthful, grey-haired man,

who had been a geologist in peacetime, explained how the whole thing worked.

No woman was exempt unless she was physically unfit or had a child or children under five years of age.

In view of the fact that practically every woman in Moscow is doing some work connected with the war, and very few women are described as housewives, I asked how the women were recruited without depleting other avenues of war activity.

He explained this work of obtaining fuel for the winter was so essential that it took first place.

Every big concern and co-operative factory or Government department was given a quota of workers it had to supply.

It had to get on without these workers as best it could. The Commissar said the labor was organized along military lines. There were brigades, battalions, companies, platoons, and groups.

A group was composed of two or

three workers who teamed together in the forest.

Each worker had a certain amount of work to do every day called her "norm." This consisted of two cubic yards of timber. Many workers exceeded this "norm." They returned to their city jobs when they'd produced their total "norm," generally within two months.

While away from their regular jobs they got twenty-five per cent. of their usual wage, or if they had dependents fifty per cent. In addition they received the ordinary woodcutter's wage of seven and a half roubles per day.

The particular area under the charge of this Commissar had to produce in all 50,000 cubic feet of timber before the end of October.

In company with the Commissar I walked through the wood; stopping to talk with groups of workers on the way.

There was a first-aid post at the edge of the wood, with a fresh aproned young woman standing by. There are very few accidents I was told, even though many workers were inexperienced and had never used tools before.

Former bus driver

THAT was mainly because they don't use axes except to chip off limbs, but fell the trees with cross-cut saws.

They are small saws about a yard long, which is convenient to measure the lengths into which the logs are cut.

One young woman I met there obviously hadn't any difficulty making up her daily "norm."

Anna Alexandrova Melnikova was her name. She was twenty-two, and was a bus driver.

With her overalls rolled down to her waist and wearing a light athletic singlet, she was attacking a log with the careful vigor of an ex-



MOSCOW WOMEN sheltering with their babies in the city's fine underground railway station.

perienced woodcutter. She had arms like an oarsman and the face of an unbearably handsome young man. But when I spoke to her she blushed like one half her years.

She said she was doubling her "norm" so that she could get back to Moscow.

Farther on we met two young women in neat blue overalls and wearing gloves.

Elena Ossipova Tarchish and Godessa Davidovna Ulak were typists who worked together in the Department of Public Health.

Both were married.

"How do you like this work for a change?" I asked.

"It's a pleasure to do anything for our country," Elena said quickly.

I asked them to take off their gloves and show me their hands, which they did with a certain amount of embarrassment. I noticed their nails were still polished.

"This work is no good for the manicure," Godessa said, laughing. "But we are happy to work because we know how necessary it is that we should have heat this winter."

In another glade where the neatly-sawn timber was stacked I met Alifina Iychina Grekina, a grey-haired woman who was sawing away at a log.

When I asked her if she didn't feel the competition of the younger women she laughed and said: "I'm forty-eight, but I can do a day's work as well as any of these young things."

Alifina Iychina explained that it was because of a mistake on her passport which said she was 45 that she was here.

"Sina will always find you out," she said. "When you're young three years seems a lot to steal from time." She went on to say she had a son fourteen, and that her job in Moscow was cleaning office buildings.

Her husband had been killed at the front last year.

The Commissar took me farther into the forest until I heard a clear young voice singing. Russians love to sing. This was a war song I'd never heard before.

Investigating we espied a young woman wearing a print frock and red kerchief, gathering logs and stacking them in a heap.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"If you please, Zoya Alexandrova Verasimonova," she said.

It was like a motion picture setting of a romantic story. She was one of the prettiest girls I've seen in Russia.

She had perfect white teeth and dark blue eyes. She was nineteen and said she worked in a government department. I asked whether she had any boy-friends in the Red Army and she laughed as though it were a silly question to ask.

"If you please," she said, "five," and she held up her hand with the fingers spread.

Then suddenly seeing me looking at her nails she stretched them out before her and frowned.

"The polish is coming off," she said.

"Does the work tire you?" I asked, wondering how that slight figure could stand up to the heavy work.

"For the first two days," she said.

"It was awful, but now I can do my 'norm' like everyone else."

Leaving us, she went back to her work singing.

We visited many other groups working in the forest, but these women I've mentioned were typical of all, big or little, old or young.

They work well and willingly, they're working for their country.

I visited their quarters at a nearby village, spotlessly clean and neat as only peasants know how to keep houses.

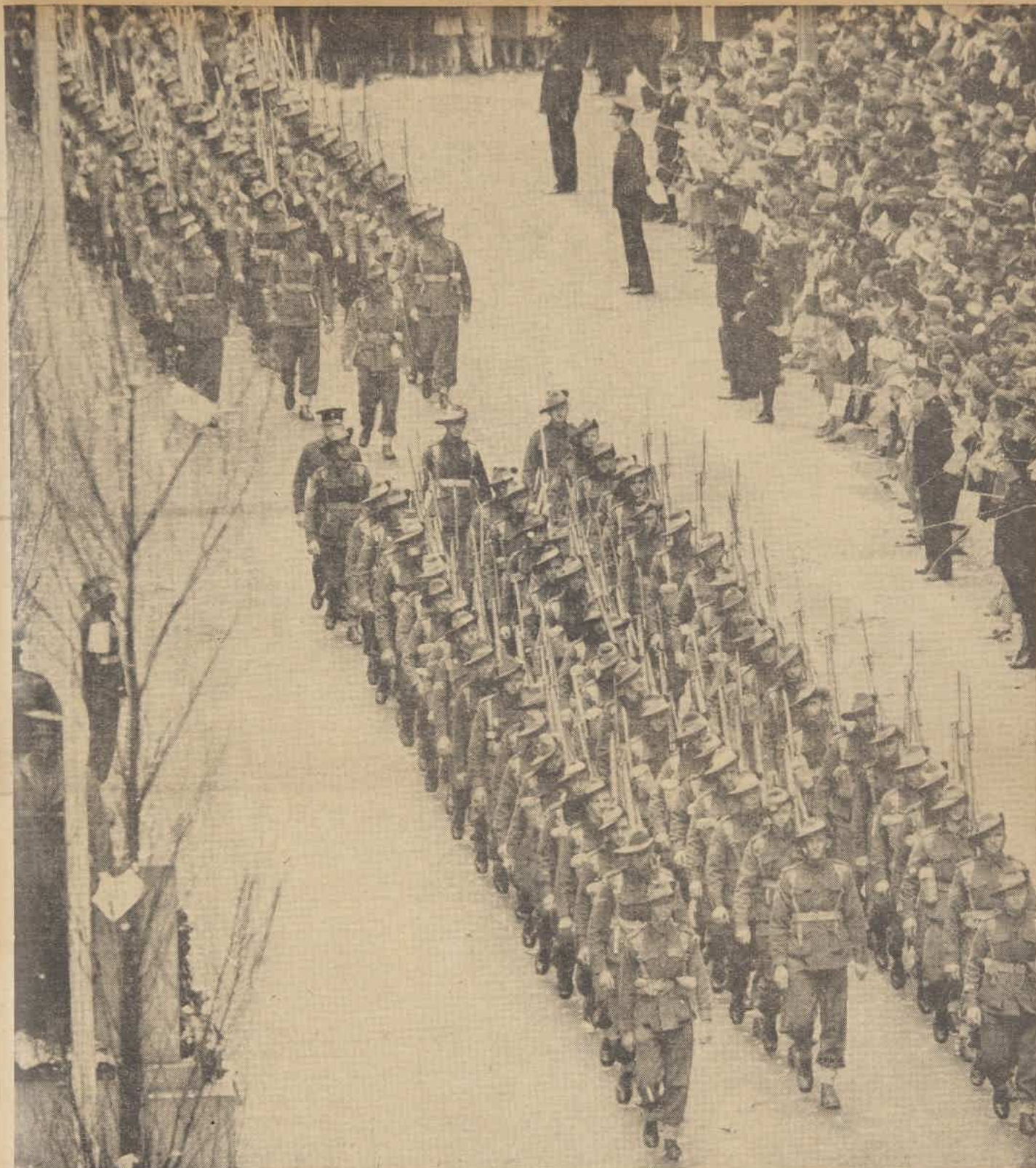
There was a village hospital hardly ever used, for the work is so healthy. In the open-air dining place I had a woodcutter's dinner of beet soup, potatoes, cabbage and rissoles.

I began to think that after all the Moscow Labor Front wasn't so bad, even if one had to cut down and cut up eight or nine trees daily.

It was good clean work in a fine cause, but, of course, very hard on the manicure.



ENGLISH GIRLS, like their Russian allies, are hauling timber, too. These are members of the British Women's Timber Corps, a special section of the Women's Land Army.



• Returned men of the 16th Brigade, A.I.F., marching through Martin Place, Sydney.

The March

KHAKI and steel and sunburned faces,
Barricades in the close-packed street,
Swirl of confetti and echo of cheering,
And the rhythmic beat of the marching feet.

Once more the bands, the flags, and the heartache,
Is it so long since they marched before?
Between stretch the battle-scarred years, and the waiting,
And many who marched will march no more.



Time telescopes and the years are scattered
As the columns pass at their measured pace,
The faces blurred, and the crowds forgotten
In the eager search for the loved one's face.



FORCING an assurance that he was far from feeling, Willy asked: "With what?" "Come off o' that," Loughran said. "Kriel seen you, an' we all seen you tryin' to make a getaway. An' ain't that Tom's gun?" "Sure it's Tom's gun," Willy asserted boldly. "But I wasn't goin' to fire it. All I done was drive their car for them. I didn't know what they was goin' to do."

"But you went along an' you took the gun, just in case," said the law. "What'd you think they was goin' to do?" "I didn't know they was goin' to hold anybody up," Willy protested. "Honest I didn't! I was talkin' to Fred Kelly last week about bein' detectives an' maybe findin' some of the crooks the police was lookin' for, an' I say I thought there might be a lot of them up in the woods, an' last night he brought Ed Blake along to Clancy's, an' Ed says he'd like to go with us an' see if we couldn't pick up a reward or somethin'." So they said we'd get rods an' a car to-day an' maybe smoke a few of 'em out!"

"Mr. Loughran," Julia said suddenly, after a look at her mother, "don't do this! Willy may have been a fool—he wouldn't be the first time—but he wouldn't plan a burglary. Honest, Honest! Don't take him to the police court and give him a record! I'll kill Mum."

"He has no choice, Julie," her mother said with a thick throat. "Give him a break, Mr. Loughran, on account of the family," Bob Chalmers said. "He's a good kid."

"Oh, go with them, Julia! Oh, somebody get Tom!" young Genevieve and Stella Crowley walked together. Gentle, white-faced Ellen and silent, self-effacing Jimmy said nothing.

"Clear out o' here, all of you!" Loughran said with a gesture that emptied the doorway. Willy and Julia and the officers filed out, the crowd trailing after them.

The station house was four blocks away. The desk sergeant was an old acquaintance. He had had dealings with Willy's delinquencies before.

Now he was ominously serious. It appeared that what Willy was or

was not prepared to say did not matter. There was to be no argument and no pleading. Sergeant Franklin was interested in Fred Kelly and Ed Blake, co-criminals with Willy.

"Hold him," Franklin said briefly, handing someone a paper. Julia's heart hammered. They were leading Willy away. "I didn't have nothin' to do with it! I told them—they told me—" Willy blustered.

Wretched, irresolute, Julia slipped her arm through Willy's. "We'll see you through," she said, breaking suddenly.

The Crowleys left no stone unturned. They talked to lawyers. Tom managed to raise bail for Willy. So Willy was at home again, but it did not seem like home. There were silences, pauses, abrupt questions.

Willy's family were kind to him, but there wasn't much to say.

Deeply troubled was Bob Chalmers, who puttered about Ma Crowley's beehives all day and toiled over crossword puzzles all night. Willy had always been a favorite with Mr. Chalmers. Willy liked to fool around the beehives with him, and the bees never stung Willy.

"That feller wouldn't hurt a fly," he said more than once. He and Willy were much together now; Willy knew almost as much about the bees as Chalmers did, and they puttered around the hives for hours. Chalmers' days were numbered; Mrs. Crowley knew it. But whether he knew it or not she could not tell.

"I wish there was something I could do," Bob Chalmers said wistfully, over and over.

"There's something you can do, Julia," Tom said to her one day when they were alone.

"I don't know what it would be," "Mart Mahoon's uncle is married to Judge Maddigan's sister," Tom reminded her.

Julia's color came up in a flame. "Mart and I aren't speaking," she said quickly.

"I know that. But I thought maybe—for Willy—"

Julia pondered, red-cheeked.

Continuing . . . Greater Love

from page 2

"What could Judge Maddigan do, Tom?"

"Well, he's tremendously influential. If he just took an interest; if his name was connected with it—"

"He wouldn't do it!" Julia said.

"He might. Judge Maddigan's sister likes Mart. She wanted to send Mart to law school. And Mart's crazy about you."

"Was," Julia said distinctly.

"Is," Tom corrected it. "Anyone who sees the poor feller knows how he feels! He comes in to see me every day at lunch, to ask how Ma is and everything."

"Yes, I know. But after—after what we said to each other last time he was here, I don't think he'd care much about seeing me," Julia offered reluctantly.

"If he'll come around here, will you talk to him, Julie? For Ma and everyone?"

"Oh, I will. If he'll come!" "He'll come!" Tom predicted. And come he did.

HE came that very night to the Crowleys' dinner table—a quiet table, although everyone was glad to see him again, and said so. Mart carried comfort and reassurance with him.

"I've missed you, Mart," Julia's weary mother said.

"I've missed you, too, Ma," Mart said.

After dinner he and Julia took a walk. The girl thought with an aching heart of the many, many times she and Mart had gone out together. The world had been theirs on just such crisp winter evenings. To-night the glory and happiness were gone.

"So you thought you'd like to see me again?" Mart asked. "After what you said—" He paused.

"What I told you had nothing to do with my liking to see you, Mart," Julia said in a dead voice, "and this hasn't either."

"Gosh, it's all like a bad dream to me," Mart said; "after our going together so long!"

"I wouldn't suppose anyone would want to go with me now, the way things are in our family," Julia observed.

"Well, because you struck some bad luck you wouldn't expect me to change?" Mart demanded. "Aw, snap out of it, Julia!" he begged. "You've got some crazy idea about not loving me enough to marry me. How can you tell until we get married and have our own little place?" "It wouldn't be fair to you, Mart. It's all gone—queer," Julia persisted. "And now—until we know what's going to happen to Willy—"

"Willy's going to get an indeterminate sentence for being accessory to a burglary," Mart said. He was not prepared for the look in her eyes as she stopped short, turned to him, caught his arm.

"That'll kill my mother!" "But what does your mother expect?" he asked. "Willy ought to be glad Kriel wasn't killed and they're not sending him to the chair!"

"Mart," Julia said, sitting down on a park bench, drawing him down beside her, "we have to get Willy out of this! You have to help me. We have to get the charges against him dismissed. We've got to—for Mum's sake!"

Julia had never been the clinging-vine type. She was capable, resourceful. Or at least she had always been until now.

To-night she was broken, and it broke something in Mart's heart to find her so. Julia helpless and bewildered was a new Julia. Mart's heart ached for her.

"It'd be a miracle that would get Willy off now," he said.

"That's what Mum expects, Mart," Julia was so beautiful as she turned towards him that Mart could not answer her, but only stare at her. But for all that he could not encourage her on the subject of his uncle's wife's brother. Judge Maddigan was inflexible, incorruptible, and as far as the distant family connection went, of no use whatsoever to Mart.

Still, it was Julia asking—Julia for whose favor and friendship he had hungered during these last strange weeks.

"I'll try to see the old boy," Mart said. "But I don't know what he could do."

"Can't a judge—he'd know other judges, wouldn't he? Mart, if you can do something with Judge Maddigan, I'll do my utmost to repay you somehow."

"Why Julia, Julia," he said tenderly, "you don't have to talk like that! You know I'll do anything for you and your family without that."

To this Julia made no reply, and they rose and walked on in silence. "If he would just come and talk to Willy or come to see Mum!" Julia presently said. "It would make her feel that something was being done; that there was a chance!"

"And if I did, maybe you might marry me, Julia?" Mart burst out. "I know I oughtn't to bother you now, and I know how you feel, or think you feel—"

"Oh, I wish it was only thinking! I wish we were all back where we were before!" Julia whispered, as he paused. "When poor Willy came rushing in that terrible afternoon, Mum was just telling me that there was too much talk about happiness; that the only thing that matters is to trust God and be good! And now look at poor Mum! She says she can't even pray. None of us can. It's just words—and under them we're thinking: How can we lie or bribe someone just to get Willy out?"

"Ah, no, you're not," Mart said, tightening his arm about her. "You've all had a knock-out, and you've not got to your feet yet. But your mother's faith isn't changed. She'll pray Willy out of this yet. And you'll marry me, darling. I don't care whom you think you like better. I know the kind of wife I'll get—the sweetest, dearest woman God ever made. And I'll make you so happy. I'll make your whole family love me so—"

"They love you now," Julia said gently.

"You'll love me, too, Julie."

"If I only could!" She tried to smile.

"Don't worry. Leave that to me. Julia, if I could think that, I'd lead old Maddigan around by the nose!"

"Think that, then," she said suddenly. They were in the shadow of sidewalk trees now, and he kissed her. Julia was very quiet as they walked home. Mart was quiet, too, conscious of nothing in the world but the warm hand in his.

"Here's the thing, Willy," said Bob Chalmers, busy among the beehives in the early winter sunshine. "If you could make 'em believe you was really after a criminal that day, Franklin would dismiss the charges against you."

"It was havin' Tom's gun," Willy reminded him hopelessly. "They can't get around that."

He spoke hoarsely. Blake and Kelly had been rounded up now, and the date of the trial had been set. "There's all sorts of fellers up in them woods," Chalmers said. "If you could put the boys on to one of them—"

"Aw, that was just kid stuff," Willy said in a ashamed voice.

"There's one lad," Chalmers went on, "that's there sometimes. They'd give a lot to pinch that feller. He's a lifer—what was his name, now? Lon Possedo—that was it. He killed a feller when he was drunk, an' they gave him life. But he broke good. He hangs out there. I useter know him. There's somethin' you don't know about me," Bob went on, "nor your mother neither. But I done my stretch."

"It ain't anythin' that I'd want any son of your mother's to do," pursued Chalmers. "She'd never get over it. She don't deserve it. There ain't many ladies as good as your mother."

Willy said nothing. With his rake he made a furious attack on the brush pile.

"This feller Possedo is a hard-boiled egg," Chalmers said. "There's rewards out for him. It wouldn't hurt nobody's reputation none to grab him. Well, it's just threw out as an idea. But I'll tell you all I know, an' you might say you want to talk to Franklin. He's honest. He'll give you a break if he can. I'm going up to Albany to see a man I know about your case, but you see Franklin, an' maybe between us all we can pull somethin'."

"But Bob—Bob"—Willy was stammering in sudden hope—"what makes you think he might be in Quaker Flats now?"

"Someone's there," Bob said. "There was smoke comin' from the shanty, an' the Eyetalian lady that lives next door says he'll come back. Now you listen to me, Willy, because here's what you're goin' to tell Franklin. Tell him to go past them garbage fills where the bedspring fences are, an' round that place with the sign about fortune tellin' on it."

Three nights later, when the

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I'm sorry, but this is the only way I can be sure of getting the sleeves in the right place."

Crowleys were at supper, Mart came in to report. Julia knew the instant she looked at him that there was no good news, and a fresh shadow fell upon Mrs. Crowleys' face. She had aged ten years in three weeks.

"No dice?" Tom asked quickly. Mart slipped into Bob Chalmers' empty chair beside Julia; he looked tired, too, and sorry, as his gaze went from one face to another. "No dice. He says he can't do anything."

"What's the next step?" Julia asked. As she spoke, she jerked her chair a fraction nearer Mart's and put her hand over his, and he turned his hand quickly to grip it. Julia was not going to let anyone, even Mart himself, imagine he had failed or could fail in anything.

"We'll find it," Tom answered. Mart asked where Willy was, for Willy's chair was empty.

"They sent for him from police headquarters," his mother said. "He went off about two. He'll be back."

And even as she spoke he was back. He came in the kitchen way and stood in the doorway, looking at them all. A haggard Willy, with a face that looked as if it had been chalked.

"I don't want any dinner, Mum," he said thickly. "I'm—I'm goin' to lay down for a while."

"Willy, what have they done to you?" Mrs. Crowley asked, her face paling.

"They've not done anythin'," he said roughly, "except turn me loose. The charges against me are dismissed."

"Dismissed!" echoed a chorus of incredulous voices. Willy stood in sullen silence. "The charges dismissed—they knew he didn't do it—oh, God be thanked!" the Crowleys exclaimed all together.

"How did they come to let ye go, son?" Mrs. Crowley asked.

"I've been tellin' them all along I was tryin' to be a detective," Willy said, in a hard, angry voice. "Well, they went up to Quaker Flats to-day, an' they found a feller where I said they would find him. A feller who was a lifer an' had broke good. An' they caught him!"

"Oh, you smarty!" Genevieve carolled.

"Oh, yes, I'm a smarty!" Willy burst out with sudden fury. "I'm so smart I wish I was dead! I wish the whole kit an' caboodle of us was dead, an' I wish you'd keep your mouth shut!"

His voice broke; he slammed out of the room and pounded upstairs. The creak at the table exchanged mystified glances.

The Crowley house was not well built. Before anything else could be said, the sound of loud sobbing coming from upstairs broke through the silence.

Mrs. Crowley looked from one to the other helplessly. "Do ye think they've let him off, Tom?" she asked sottly.

"Sure they have," Tom answered. "But I don't know what's got him now."

"But he's off, Tom?"

"Oh, sure. If he put Franklin onto anything like that it'd clear him. But it don't look like our Willy wanted to be a detective as much as he was thought he did," Tom said with a grin.

"I'll tell you what I think it is," Ellen Crowley said unexpectedly. Ellen, inviolable, gentle, quiet, rarely contributed anything to family convalesces and was therefore accorded respect when she did. All the puzzled eyes turned towards her. "I think Mr. Chalmers isn't ever coming back. I think Willy'll have to run the bees, now."

(Copyright)

Radio dramas for the housewife

Two new series from 2GB

At some time or other most people have complained that "nothing ever happens."

Classic example is the character in "Grand Hotel," who while the most extraordinary things were happening all round him stood waiting for a letter that never came, bitterly complaining, "People come, people go, but nothing ever happens."

WITH this idea as its theme, but borrowing nothing from "Grand Hotel," the radio dramatist has produced a series of plays called "Nothing Ever Happens."

These are now being heard from 2GB every Monday to Friday at 9.45 a.m. as entertainment for the woman in the home. Each episode is a self-contained drama linked by the theme common to them all.

In this series listeners meet people worlds apart. On the one hand there are the actor and his wife who, deciding their married life is a failure, make up their minds to part, blaming the failure on the monotony of life and the fact that nothing ever happens; on the other hand there are two cleaners scrubbing the offices of a large city building late at night, complaining meantime that "nothing ever happens," while at that very moment a drama is taking place in one of the nearby offices.

Rich and poor, old and young—they all help to build up this dramatic series, and each story shows that life is full of drama and interest if people only have eyes to see and ears to understand.

Many names familiar to Australian radio and stage are listed in the cast of this series, which was written by Lynn Foster.

Another new daytime entertainment recently introduced to 2GB listeners is a series entitled "Doctors Courageous," now heard every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at 4 p.m.

Combining information with entertainment, these dramas are devoted to the lives of famous doctors.

The dramatist was fortunate in

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 1.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, September 16.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Rees—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, September 17.—Goodie Rees in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Oliver Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, September 18.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Rees in "Gems of Melody and Thought."

SATURDAY, September 19.—Goodie Rees in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, September 20.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, September 21.—"Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, September 22.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Oliver Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

having much dramatic material to use in the compilation of the series, for of recent years many books, novels, biographies, and autobiographies have revealed the wealth of dramatic incident which goes to make up the life of the average doctor.

The information contained in these books has been drawn on to provide the basis of these dramas, which not only highlight the courage and heroism of the men and women who have sacrificed themselves in the cause of medicine and surgery, but also help to enlighten listeners on what has been achieved in the cure and prevention of disease.

Those whose stories appear in this series include Lister, Madame Curie, Röntgen, and Pasteur.

Film Reviews

★ ★ BEDTIME STORY

(Week's Best Release)

Fredric March, Loretta Young.
(Columbia.)

THIS is a racy, refreshing farce. Loretta Young and Fredric March, the stars, both give effective portrayals, as the actress wife and the producer-playwright husband. Pair have been married seven years.

Then Loretta decides to retire for farm life, but Fredric conceals a new play for her to star in. Here is the fluffy theme of the film, which provides plenty of fast-moving by-play between the quarrelling pair.

Fine supporting performances are added by Robert Benchley, Allyn Joselyn as the banker whom Loretta chooses for her second husband.—State; showing.

★ ★ WE WERE DANCING

Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas.
(MGM.)

MGM has spun this very light, worldly comedy out of Noel Coward's one-act play of the same title. In Hollywood hands it is a very glamorous affair of two penniless European aristocrats who elope, find their careers as "professional guests" endangered, divorce, and, of course, come together again.

The limelight throughout is on a blonde, fuzzy-haired Norma Shearer, spectacularly gowned, whose determinedly youthful gaiety and intensity are at times embarrassing. Melvyn Douglas makes a suave foil. Their predicaments are as diverting enough. But the best scenes in the affair are provided by Marjorie Main's divorce court judge and Alan Mowbray's sponge. The whole film is frothy, ice-cream-soda entertainment.—St. James; showing.

★ BORN TO SING

Virginia Weidler, Ray McDonald.
(MGM.)

A THIN tale of a group of youngsters who put on their own Broadway show, "Born to Sing" is a rather boring musical.

The story is about three enterprising children who save a would-be suicide whose musical comedy score has been stolen.

Virginia, who is growing up fast, has a thankless kind of role. McDonald impresses only in his tap dancing. Leo Gorcey, Douglas McPhail, and "Rags" Ragland are also in the film.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Jean Runs Away

"YES. Don't let us waste time thinking about it any more."

"No, we have wasted too much. Do you realise that we may soon be parted again?"

"Parted! Oh, Harley, what are you saying?"

"Haven't you been following the news from overseas?"

"I am afraid that I haven't. I wanted so much to have a few days happy and free from uncertainty and worry. Do you mean Germany?"

"Poland? But Britain can't..."

"Britain must and will. We will all be in it soon, Jean. The storm is going to break any day. You and I will snatch a little happiness in Sydney and then I must return to Melbourne to volunteer for the Army Medical Corps." Abruptly his tone changed: "Here's your friend! Hey, Pearce! We are going to be married in Sydney to-morrow; what about your being our best man?"

"Married? Quick work, isn't it?"

"No, very slow. We've been engaged for a year. Don't you know who I am? Dr. Tremerne."

"Good lord! I'd never have recognised you! I would love to be your best man, but I'll have to see my wife and then let you know."

"Your wife? You didn't tell me that you were married!"

"Did you tell me that you were engaged? You did not! And you said that you were fed up with hearing about strangers' family affairs. Anyway, Mary and I had had a terrific row and I was too sore to speak of her, but she has sent me a wireless and everything is all right."

"And I might have been falling

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★★ *Captains of the Clouds*. James Cagney in splendid Air Force epic. —Regent; 7th week.

★★★★ *Joan of Paris*. Fulgiant drama of Occupied France introduces fascinating Michele Morgan, Paul Henreid. —Embassy; 4th week.

★★★★ *Remember the Day*. Claudette Colbert, John Payne in charming romance. —Century; 10th week.

★★★★ *Ships With Wings*. John Clements, Leslie Banks in stirring Fleet Air Arm adventure. —Lyceum; 8th week.

★★★★ *The Chocolate Soldier*. Rise Stevens, Nelson Eddy sing in lilt-lit opera. —Liberty; 7th week.

★★★★ *International Squadron*. Ronald Reagan, Olympic Bradna in entertaining drama. —Mayfair; 7th week.

★★★★ *Mines in the Night*. Intriguing musical drama with Priscilla Lane, Richard Whorf. —Plaza; 5th week.

★★★★ *Beyond the Blue Horizon*. Dorothy Lamour dances in technicolor and tropics. —Prince Edward; 4th week.

★★★★ *Missing Ten Days*. A robust comedy thriller set in France. —Victory; 3rd week.

Stars fruit-picking to save crops

Viola MacDonald's Hollywood Cable

PRODUCER Cecil B. deMille and his family are working every week-end harvesting their own crops of apples and grapes on their forty-acre ranch because of the labor shortage.

After finishing his second Hollywood film, "Now, Voyager," European actor Paul Henreid, of "Joan of Paris," labored as a Valley peach-picker for forty hours under an assumed name in order to save the crops.

Many starlets are doing likewise.

As the Californian fruit crop is endangered.

DIVORCE is pending for Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner, married a brief five months ago. Mickey has gone home to mother, declaring sadly that Ava means to divorce him on the grounds of incompatibility.

ANOTHER story with the Libyan war front as background will reach the screen when Twentieth Century-Fox films "The Immortal Sergeant," a story of a lost British patrol which fights its way back to the lines through many hazards. George Sanders, Thomas Mitchell, and Reginald Gardiner head the cast.

GREENE GARSON takes over the role of Madame Curie, once considered certain for Garbo. More, Greer has signed a new seven-year contract with MGM.

BLONDE Carole Landis, who is one of Hollywood's busiest war workers, has enrolled in an aviation school in order to get her pilot's licence.

Carole told me: "My ambition is to be a woman pilot. When the Army opens its doors to women for this service, I hope to be one of the first to ferry bombers in this country, like British women are doing."

BOBBY BREEN is making his comeback in the Jane Withers film "Johnny Doughboy," but he is not singing, as his voice is changing. You will be interested to know that since his last screen appearance Bobby has undergone a nose operation which has changed his looks for the better.

And, by the way, Flower Parry, the estranged wife of Jackie Coogan, plays a role in this film and, ironically, in a scene with Jackie's own brother, Robert Coogan.

LATEST contribution to the salvage campaign comes from Gene Autry's champion horse. He's given his metal shoes, as he will not be needing them again until Autry returns from the war. The horse goes to pasture.

(Copyright)

Eagle Squadron film arrives by air

By CHRISTINE WEBB

The first film to be flown out to Australia under special wartime priority is Universal's "Eagle Squadron," starring Robert Stack.

THE picture was given this special privilege because of its theme and its authenticity in production.

"Eagle Squadron" is a saga of U.S. fighter pilots in the Royal Air Force. Its producer, Walter Wanger, wanted to make the whole film in Britain. Wartime conditions made this impossible, but Wanger still obtained his sequences of the "Eagle Squadron" in the war.

He sent a camera crew 6000 miles to England, with adventure-producer Ernest M. Schoedack in charge of the group. The British Ministry of Information approved of the project. And these Hollywood photographers obtained 15,000 feet of action—and sound—showing the real "Eagle Squadron" pilots in every phase of their daily life and in actual aerial combat.

When this film was in Wanger's hands, he set director Arthur Lubin to match them up with scenes taken in Hollywood. In these scenes appeared the American cast.

As Wanger put it: "It was movie-making by remote control."

Moreover, Wanger put these Hollywood scenes under the technical direction of an actual Eagle Squadron flier—23-year-old Pilot-Officer John M. Hill. Hill had spent a year flying a Spitfire.

He had a combat crack-up, and



MOTHERS of four real Eagle Squadron fighter pilots visit the set of "Eagle Squadron." Left to right: Flying-Officer John M. Hill, technical adviser on the picture; Mrs. Ella McGerty, Los Angeles; John Loder; Mrs. F. E. Beatz, California; Eddie Albert; Mrs. Murray Staunton, California; Jon Hall; Mrs. John E. Wallace, Pasadena; and Arthur Lubin, director of "Eagle Squadron."

It was during his convalescence that he was released for Hollywood.

There was only one task on the film which Hill could not personally do. This was to obtain permission to place the "Eagle Squadron" insignia on the planes used.

This permission had to be granted, and was granted by the authority of the British Government and the Walt Disney studios! For it was Walt Disney who designed the insignia. Its Disneyesque eagle wearing boxing gloves is posed in fighting stance.

During the production Hill was visited by mothers of his fellow-pilots, by a couple of the fliers themselves, home on brief leave, and, to his delight, by correspondent Quentin Reynolds.

Colorful correspondent Reynolds, who was in England throughout the Battle of Britain, had been instrumental in having the scattered

United States fliers with the R.A.F. forged into the single unit of the Eagle Squadron. He knew all its fliers personally, had reported their exploits, and responded enthusiastically when producer Wanger suggested that he write a foreword to the film and speak it himself.

As Robert Stack puts it, "We learned so much about the Eagle Squadron and its boys that we sometimes felt we were actually part of it before the film was finished."

Final touch of realism in "Eagle Squadron" is the role played by its hero, Diana Barrymore. She is a Waif whose own war-job is made as much of in the picture as her romance with Robert Stack. "Through this character," Wanger explained, "we can show the efficiency and the spirit of the modern girl, who realizes that her job in one of the auxiliary services is of tremendous importance towards the victory we all are striving for."

Calling the Stars

Two Half-hours of Radio Brilliance!

PRODUCTION BY JACK DAVEY
MUSICAL DIRECTION BY MONTAGUE BREARLEY

2GB WEDNESDAY 8 p.m.
THURSDAY 8 p.m.

Now Seven Times A Week

"HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES"

Music that delights and inspires.

Mon. to Sat.
9 a.m.
Sun. 10 p.m.

2GB



ICE SHOW. Mrs. G. L. Killen (left) and Mrs. G. J. M. Best, who are arranging an exhibition of skating at Glaciarium this Friday. Lady Wakehurst will be guest of honor. Proceeds to National Shilling Drive.



NETTING IN SUNSHINE. Driver William Burnett, returned from service overseas, helps Mrs. Campbell Ryan, of Anzac, Buffet Auxiliary, to make camouflage net.



DINNER - TIME. Mrs. G. Davies, of Cumberland Branch of C.W.A., serves A.C.W. Connie Gough with tasty dish at C.W.A.'s Club for Servicewomen.



YOUNGER SET. (From left): Bubbles Green, president; Rona Wilkinson, and Dawn Norton at meeting of 27th Armored Regiment Auxiliary Younger Set. They arrange picture night at Vacuum Oil theatre this week to raise funds.



AFTER CEREMONY. Captain and Mrs. R. J. F. McIntosh, who marry at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay. Captain Jeffrey Cox and Thelma Gibson attend them. All four have served in Middle East. Bride was Molly Thompson, of Widdien, Murrumbidgee, and Cremorne.

Heard Around TOWN

FAMILY reunion in London when Lieut. Richard Nossiter, R.A.N.V.R., meets his brother, Sgt.-Pilot Ben Nossiter, on his arrival from Canada.

Is introduced to Dick's English wife, Nancy, who is in W.R.E.N.S., and all three celebrate when Dick is awarded D.S.O. for bravery in convoy work to Murmansk.

Ben is now in Australian Spitfire Squadron in Scotland.

They are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nossiter, formerly of Northwood, but who are now living in their yacht Sirius, anchored in Alexandra Street Bay, Hunter's Hill.

Their other two sons, Harold and Jack, are in R.A.F. and army.

WELCOME cable for Mrs. Harry Wright, announcing safe arrival in Canada of her husband, who is with R.A.P. While he is overseas Joan is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Herman, at Bellevue Hill.

FAREWELLS are being said to Captain A. V. Doyle, R.A.N., C.B.E. and his wife, who will shortly leave for another State. For last nine years Captain Doyle has been engineer-manager of Sydney naval establishment.

Mrs. Doyle was one of first members of Naval War Auxiliary.

MILITARY wedding at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, when Daphne Holmes weds Captain James Manson, A.I.F. Best man is Lieut. Ronald Catliffe, and groomsmen Lieut. Brian Garvey, who are in same battalion as bridegroom.

Bride is given away by Major A. Gilbert, who performs this duty as her father, Lieut. A. W. Haines, is at a northern battle station with A.I.F.

MARJORIE WILSON, daughter of well-known singer, Stella Wilson, holidaying with her mother at her flat at King's Lynn, before returning to Melbourne, where she plans to join the A.W.A.S. Stella's older daughter, Pauline, also in Sydney.

KATHLEEN LYONS, daughter of Dame Enid Lyons and former Prime Minister, late Joseph Lyons, is enthusiastic about life as an A.C.W.

She is now stationed at a South Australian W.A.A.F. station doing drill recruit course.

Before enlisting in Air Force, Kathleen was nursing in Melbourne.

Gottings ON THE HOME FRONT

TALL, attractive Flight-Officer Joyce Opie, W.A.A.A.F., proves eloquent speaker when describing life and needs of women in services at meeting to discuss concert at Town Hall on September 25.

Concert is one of many functions to raise funds for Y.W.C.A.'s National Shilling Drive for servicewomen. Is being organised by Lady Gordon, Mrs. Hope Gibson and Mrs. Robert Dixon.

"Change from civilian life to one in services is rather bewildering to us all," says Joyce. "Establishment of recreation huts at training centres and stations is one of the projects which will help so much."

"You can't imagine what a joy it is to come into a well-furnished room after a day's training or work. It's wonderful to be able to enjoy books, flowers, and bright colors, things which women need if they are to retain a sense of balance in service life," she adds.

IT'S home to England for Mrs. F. H. Newman-Rogers and small son Timothy after two years in Sydney. Since her arrival here she has been doing ambulance driving for N.E.S., and has just regrettably handed in resignation.

"Sorry to leave Australia," she says, "but my husband is returning to England from Middle East, where he has been on active service since 1939."

She plans to journey home via America.

CALL up for permanent V.A. duty is Ethel Cahill, of Narromine.



NEWLYWEDS L.A.C. John Phillip Moss and his wife, formerly Rona Lloyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lloyd, Randwick. Rona and John have just taken a flat at Centennial Park.

PLANS being made to recruit more women for W.R.A.N.S., so I hear from naval circles. Women will be enlisted as ratings to take up writers' duties in stores and naval offices.

Most of women who are in service, which is, as yet only small, are engaged in wireless telegraphy. Among them are well-known Sydney girls, Jean Rife, June Wayne Walton, Mrs. Vernon Baynes, and Thora Killen, of Pine Park, Murrumbidgee.

MEET V.A.'s Roslyn Bowman, Barbara Crichton-Brown and Peggy Fagan in town on way to theatrical costume to hire gowns. They tell me that they are taking part in ballet which is one of items in concert for patients at 113th A.O.H. this week.

"Spend all our spare time in rehearsing," says Roslyn.

CALL in at workrooms of Naval War Auxiliary and find lots of members busy at knitting machines. "Have plenty of knitters," sighs president Mrs. C. J. Pope, "but we need more money. Our funds are in low water at moment."

Reason for that is recent outlay of £300 for wool to make knitted garments for men of Navy.

"We find that now people have to give coupons for wool our supply of knitted goods has fallen off. This means that auxiliary has to buy wool," she explains.

"Delighted, however, with generous offer from Royal Art Society," she adds. "Proceeds from their exhibition at Blaxland Galleries which opened this week are being handed over to auxiliary."

Mrs. Pope is making a radio appeal for funds this week.

MRS. DOUGLAS STUCKEY, former Dr. Margaret Chipperfield, takes up her duties at Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children when she returns from her honeymoon in the Blue Mountains.

CONVALESCENT hut will soon be established at 113th A.O.H. as result of work of A.B.C. staff war funds committee, so Dr. Keith Barry, recently elected president, tells me.

Committee hopes to raise large sum of money at symphony concert which is being given this Thursday at Town Hall. Lieut. Ludo Goodman is coming from Melbourne to be guest artist.



BUTTON DAY. Mrs. Sam McMahon (left) and Mary Savage sample milk-shakes after morning of button-selling for Australian Comforts Fund Appeal.



SPECTATORS. Brigadier-General and Mrs. Alec Forbes watch march of men and officers of A.I.F. who have returned from overseas.

KARINA MARY are charming names given to third daughter of Sir Ronald and Lady Cross. Baby is christened at St. John's Church, Canberra.

Lady Cross explains that she chose Karina from book on aboriginal names and meaning is "wife."

Godparents to three-month-old Karina are Lord Wakehurst, Lady Dugan, who lent lovely old christening robe for the ceremony. Dame Mary Hughes, Miss Ivie Price, Mrs. Winkworth (Canadian friend who lives in England) and Mrs. Ralph Ashteton (London).

Dame Mary Hughes and Miss Ivie Price are only two godparents able to attend ceremony, at which Lady Gowrie and Mrs. Curtin, wife of the Prime Minister, are guests.

SEE pretty June Lloyd on her way to R.A.F. recruiting depot at Woolloomooloo. She just commenced third year of work at depot's canteen. Is also on roster at St. Andrew's Hut.

Betty

SPRING BRIDES ... in delicate pastels

THEIR coupons won't stretch to traditional white satin and tulle, but how attractive this quartet of brides look in the pretty frocks which they can wear all through the summer.

• Simple style made in grey crepe and garnished with trills of white grosgrain ribbon. She carries a muff of tiny yellow flowers and her hat is a tip-tilted halo of the same flowers wreathed with a film of grey veiling.

• Dusty-pink angora for a slender frock which features two draped pockets for decoration. The green-and-pink hat is freighted with veiling and spring flowers.

• Tailored suit in green wool with matching turban. Real flowers pinned on the pockets and tucked into turban.

• Ultra-flattering frock in two shades of blue wool. The yoke and front panel are outlined with cute ribbon bows. With it a matching hair.

Rever





SWOLLEN JOINTS

QUICK RELIEF
with
IODEX

GENTLE massage with IODEX quickly relieves pain, reduces inflammation and helps restore normal conditions. For the First-Aid treatment of Stiff Joints, Sprains and Muscular Pains IODEX is unsurpassed, but in stubborn cases you should see your doctor.

PRICE 2/-, from all chemists

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VERY LUCKY SUIT FOR READER!

● Two-piece suit made from sailor's old uniform wins prize in our coupon-saving contest.

YOU remember the day the tragic news was received of the sinking of H.M.A.S. Canberra? On that very morning the following letter and pictures (shown right) came from Mrs. Alice Dickson, of Mascot:

"Enclosed you will find a photo of my daughter in a costume made from an old uniform of my son, who is a stoker on H.M.A.S. Canberra.

"The suit had a good deal of oil on it, and so it was unpicked and washed. I obtained a paper pattern (No. 8412) from your Pattern Department and made the skirt from the trousers and the coat from the tunic. It was finished with a zipper fastener to make it fit well. My daughter now has a very smart and warm suit suitable for school."

Mrs. Dickson is to be congratulated on her enterprise in transforming a discarded, greasy suit into a smart costume. Her ingenuity earns her £1 prize in our weekly contest.



ABOVE you see Mrs. Dickson's two daughters with their brother Fred, one of the survivors of H.M.A.S. Canberra. At right his sister proudly wears the smart two-piece suit which his mother made from his old uniform.

ANOTHER prizewinner in our contest is illustrated below. Mrs. C. G. Boulton, Bellingham River, made a bonny pleated skirt and bodice from a cashmere shawl measuring 38 x 38. This is how she made it: "First I cut hemstitched edge from shawl, and then I divided it into three equal parts (see diagrams). I joined pieces Nos. 1 and 2 together and pleated for the skirt. Next, Nos. 3 and 4 were folded over and made into a bodice. All I had to do then was join skirt and bodice together and turn up 2 1/2 in. hem."

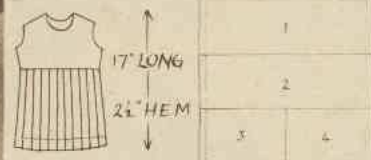
This entry wins 5/- for Mrs. Boulton. Hundreds of worthwhile entries in our coupon-saving contest have come in. There have been scores of duplications, of course, but then, great minds think alike.

Cash prizes are awarded every week. Address your coupon-saving idea to Eve Gye, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly Homemaker Department.

Sketches and diagrams or photographs and negatives plus diagrams and full description of the made-over article or renovation must accompany each entry.



BABY ROBYN BOULTON wearing the skirt her mother made from cashmere shawl. (Right): Diagrams showing how shawl was divided up for making. See article for details.



HARSH REMEDIES are UNNATURAL

It takes a food to give you normal regularity



If you are relying on "shock remedies" to get your system working—then it's time you knew the full facts about purging. Ask your doctor! He'll tell you that over 75% of cases of a severe type of illness in people between 35 and 45, is directly caused by the over-use of harsh remedies. So don't risk your health another day! Stop taking harsh remedies. There's one safe way to get regular.



Here's where irregularity starts!

Take a look at your system's worst enemy—your dinner plate! Modern diets are practically devoid of "bulk". Yet it's "bulk" that your system must have to perform its daily function naturally. That's why those internal muscles of yours have become lazy, stubborn. And the use of harsh laxatives does nothing to restore their wasted powers.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN acts in the same way as raw fruit and vegetables, only more surely, more thoroughly. That's why doctors advise it. All-Bran forms a soft, bulky mass which absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination. You soon become regular. So keep your system functioning regularly the safe way—with Kellogg's All-Bran.

Here's the safe way to get regular!

This nut-sweet breakfast food that supplies the missing BULK in your diet!

Bran has always ranked high as a "bulk" food. And Kellogg's All-Bran is bran at its best, pleasant to eat, and rich in "bulk". It forms a gentle mass which absorbs water and softens into a spongy "bulk" that tones up, cleanses, and brings about thorough elimination.

Start off breakfast with two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran, served with milk and sugar. (Let the milk soak in.) Do this every morning, and within a week you'll be feeling on top of the world—irregularity ended!

Get a packet of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN from your grocer tomorrow!

I'm finished with harsh remedies has got me safely regular in one week!



Fashion FROCK SERVICE

"SONIA" frock is interpreted in springlike floral

THIS attractive and flattering little frock is specially designed for the first sunny days of spring.

It is made in a particularly good quality poplin, and combines sturdy service and gay charm. The sweet-pea design is in gold, blue, rose, brown, and green on a natural ground.

The "SONIA" frock is simple but very smart, and features extended shoulders and unusual dropped waistline effect.



"SONIA" is available either ready to wear or cut out ready to make up yourself.

Sizes: 32, 34, 36 in. bust, 43/9 (12 coupons), ready to wear; or 34/11 (11 coupons), ready to make yourself.

Sizes: 38 and 40 in. bust, 47/6 (12 coupons), ready to wear; or 37/8 (11 coupons), ready to make yourself.

Postage, 1/9 1/2 extra.

How to obtain "SONIA": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page of this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

John Steedman & Co., Walsworth Rd., London, Eng.

Ends Hot Burning Feet in 3 Seconds!

2,000-Year-Old Foot Secret Now Bringing Quick Relief and Lasting Comfort to Present-day Foot Sufferers.

Just 3 seconds is all the time it now takes to bring coolness and comfort to hot, burning, aching feet... rub in Frostene, new magic foot cream containing frankincense and myrrh—precious healants used by ancient desert kings to soothe feet tortured by the fiery heat of desert sands. To-day these same fragrant, penetrating, antiseptic unguents will soothe and cool your feet during the hot summer days that now cause burning, aching and swelling.

See how this delicious white Frostene cream vanishes into the skin. Feel how quickly it eases inflamed congested nerves and tissues, reduces swelling, and deodorises and neutralises poisonous acid sweat.

Get a generous magic-acting tube of Frostene from your chemist to-day. Greaseless, stainless. Rub into feet night and morning—and enjoy the comfort of cool, refreshed feet all through the longest summer day.

When Eczema Drives You Mad

Get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil. Dries up Eczema, Barber's Itch, and Skin Eruptions in a few Days.

This wonderful scientist's prescription, now known all over the world as Moone's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application. With regular applications, the most persistent case of eczema may be overcome, never to return.

Moone's Emerald Oil is dispensed by all chemists in the original bottle. It is a wonderful prescription and every penny of your money will be refunded if results don't completely satisfy...*



Careful with the BOVRIL please!

Supplies are short, for the moment, owing to lack of shipping space. Use a smaller spoon for measuring, and always rinse out the bottle. Carefulness like this will help to relieve the present shortage. A very little Bovril makes a great deal of flavour and goodness.

Fashion PATTERNS



F1799



F3373



F3277



F2273



F2274



F3359



Special Concession Pattern

FETCHING NEW SWIMSUITS
Sizes 32, 34, and 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Requires: 1½yds. and 1yd. for panties, 36ins. wide.
No. 2.—Requires: 1½yds. and 1yd. for panties, 36ins. wide.
No. 3.—Requires: 1½yds. and 1yd. for panties, 36ins. wide.

PLEASE NOTE!
To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



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Write for Free Booklet how to learn Dressmaking or other "Sew and Save" Home Study Courses. When writing mention the Course that interests you.

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Fill your wardrobe in your spare time.

Learn how to renovate those lovely clothes at a fraction of the Retail Price.

Be smart and the envy of your friends. Money refunded if not satisfied.

★ Regulations regarding standard clothes do not apply to women who make their own clothes.

See your FREE BOOKLET write to: "SEW AND SAVE," Dept. D, 34 Margaret Street, Sydney.

This advertisement has the approval of the Academy of Home Economy.

F1799.—Smart figure-hugging bodice and skirt featuring front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F3373.—Simple frock highlighted with unusual front panel. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F2277.—Shaped yoke and midriff add glamor to a charming floral frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ to 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F2273.—Gay little playsuit for young things 1 to 6 years. Requires 1yd., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/1.

F2274.—Trimly-tailored blouse with extended shoulder-line and smart yoke. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/4.

F3379.—Flattering style for business girls. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

F3359.—Sophisticated sweater frock for important occasions. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ to 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.

CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

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Adaptable

IS THE WORD



2 COUPONS

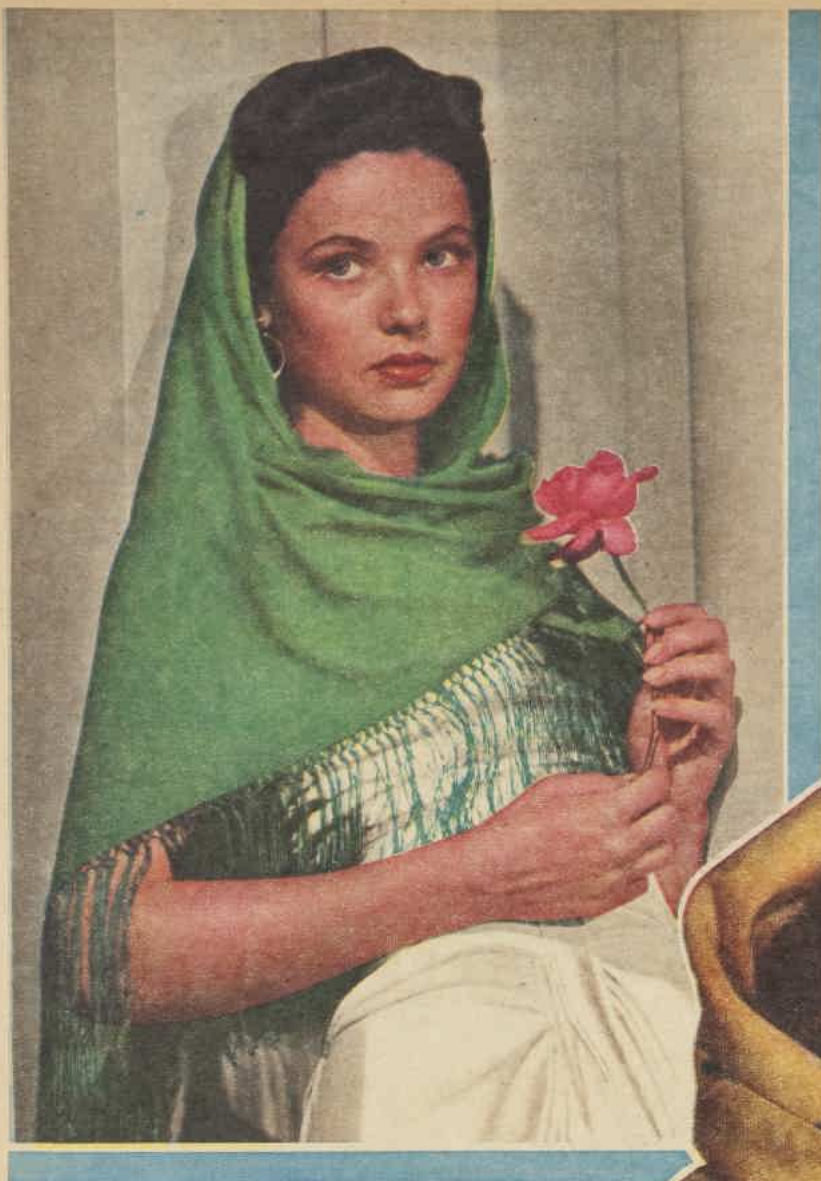
And that word means everything in these days of coupon-limited war-time buying. Here is a shoe that can be worn all round the clock . . . with tailored suits or dressmaker frocks. Correct in every instance the beautiful Tango Court by Bedgood is as comfortable as it is smart.

TANGO

BY *Bedgood*

The flexible instep ensures fit and comfort eliminating instep pinch.





• Lovely Fox star, Gene Tierney, goes dancing in this striking yet simple ensemble. The frock of white silk jersey is classically tailored and relieved from sobriety by a draped saric-shawl in dark green suede silk margined with fringe.

• For spectator sports try the vivacious charm of a pottery-red linen shirtwaist frock made on slender lines, and keep rebellious curls in check with a capacious chrome-yellow linen shawl printed with blue flowers. Worn by Jinx Falkenburg, Columbia starlet.

The colorful INDIAN INFLUENCE

• Brilliant shawls bring new glamor to tailored clothes.

THESE days your clothes must be simple and tailored and keyed to the tempo of the times, but remember there is no war declared on charm. You are pretty sure to have an odd shawl hidden away in the attic, and now is the time to put it to good use. If you don't happen to possess one you can make one for yourself out of an old beach skirt and finish with a gay crochet edging and tassels.



Wears Well..

BEAUTIFUL BEDSPREADS
IN
MODERN CHENILLE



Washes Well..and looks Smart always!

Pacific
Super-Tex
Chenille

There's a bright cheerful air about a Chenille bedspread which is welcome in these days... and so little effort is required to keep them always fresh. Chenille washes easily... needs no ironing... and emerges from every laundering as smart as the day you bought it. You can have your choice of a wide range of smart designs, in plain colours, white with coloured motifs, and two-tone effects, harmonizing with every scheme of decoration. Look for the Pacific "Super-Tex" brand.

ALL GOOD STORES SELL PACIFIC "SUPER-TEX" CHENILLE SPREADS

MADE ONLY BY PACIFIC CHENILLE CRAFT CO., ALEXANDRIA, N.S.W.

Oranges, lemons vital to health

● Daily dose of citrus fruit juice gives the extra sparkle, postpones ageing.

More, it is the sure preventive—and cure—of dread scurvy.

—Says MEDICO.

EVERYBODY should be familiar with the causes of scurvy.

Until quite recently it was not common to Australia. The few unfortunates who fell victims to the scourge included prospectors and baching land workers who existed mostly on a damper and corned meat diet.

Now that war is with us the number of victims is on the increase.

Outbreaks of scurvy were common during the Great War and the last years that followed. Prisoners of war were especially prone to the disease.

A remarkable thing about scurvy is that it takes at least four months to develop, usually eight, and starts with a general weakness and lassitude, then pallor followed by anaemia.

Later the gums start to swell and bleed, and teeth, loosened in their sockets, fall out. Bleeding occurs from the nose and mouth, also internally, and the skin is easily bruised.

The treatment is almost entirely done through food, the juice of fresh oranges and lemons, at least three a day, being most effective. In more severe cases the gums are painted with a silver nitrate solution and the mouth washed out with hydrogen peroxide.

Its prevention and cure by fresh vegetables and fruits containing vitamin C is well known.

But it must be remembered that it is a sensitive vitamin, destroyed



YOU may have wondered why movie stars look younger than they are—just look at Wendy Barrie, RKO star, pictured above. She's over thirty. They work hard, and, as a rule, they play hard. But Hollywood has discovered this: Consumption of fruit and vegetables rich in vitamin C makes for glamor and youthfulness.

by heat, drying effects and alkalis. It is present in some fruits, particularly oranges and lemons.

Papaw is a rich source — also pineapple, banana, and tomato. Apples, pears, and the stone fruits are not rich in vitamin C.

Fresh vegetables, especially lettuce and cabbage, parsley, and the root vegetables, such as carrots, onions, potatoes, and swedes are fairly rich in vitamin C.

Radishes and pumpkins have low vitamin value.

Australians generally, however, do not do themselves justice with vitamin C.

It's just that little extra daily supply of fruit and vegetables which provides the vitamin C that gives the extra sparkle and postpones ageing.

Hollywood has rediscovered vitamin C as the glamor vitamin. Hence the fresh fruit juices, the daily salads and the breakfast grapefruit or orange.

Avoid the early symptoms of scurvy, and build your glamor on a foundation of the fruits and vegetables rich in vitamin C.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM.

Pre-natal exercise and its importance

PROPERLY regulated exercise is one of the essentials of a healthy life that must not be neglected by the young mother-to-be.

The daily walk should always be part of the day's routine. This helps to tone up all the body muscles.

Housework also provides good exercise, especially if the body is correctly used and rests are taken during the day.

Special exercises to teach control of the abdominal muscles and of the pelvis have been designed, and have definitely proved to be of great assistance to the mother-to-be.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

BEAUTY HINTS

From MARY ROSE, Our Beauty Expert

IF you drink a glassful of fresh orange juice daily your skin will gain life and color.

SWEET fresh milk applied to the face with a cotton pad and allowed to dry makes an ideal skin food. If used at least once a week it will soften and whiten the skin.

GRATED potato (if you can spare it) makes an excellent eye-pack for relieving tired or strained eyes. Wrap in a thin cotton pad, place over eyes, and lie down a while.

ICE cubes wrapped in clean cotton and applied to the face act as a splendid skin tonic.

IF you wish to appear taller, wear white or the pastel shades. Light colors give the illusion of height.

IF your face is inclined to be long, use dark powder on your nose and chin, light powder on the temples and between the eyes to pick up the downward lines. If your face is round, use a dark powder on your throat, chin and around the outline of your face.

OLIVE oil or vaseline rubbed well into the lips before applying lipstick will ensure it going on more smoothly and will prevent and eliminate dryness.

MAKE-UP for the older woman will depend upon the placing of the rouge. It should always be used high on the face. This will "lift up" any sagging lines, and hide the "baggy" effects under the eyes, thus giving a more youthful appearance.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its six extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE
FOR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a box of Orlax Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."



But nowadays she's bright and gay with Crisp Rice Bubbles every day!

Breakfast is really fun for kiddies, when you serve them Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. Yes, these tasty bubbles of toasted rice go Snap! Crackle! Pop! when you pour milk on them. It's fascinating! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are overflowing with nourishment and energy. They make a bonny breakfast for youngsters—and they're so easily digested, too. They never upset kiddies' tummies. Try them for breakfast to-morrow!



"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent Nos. 165,947/26; 165,251/28. "Rice Bubble" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for oven-popped rice.

We too, smoke
TURF
The Popular Choice.
INVEST IN
£10 BONDS
10 for 8d. 20 for 1/4
TURF CIGARETTES ARE GUARANTEED 100% PURE

WIN A PRIZE!

● Enter our popular recipe contest — share your favorite with others and win a cash prize for yourself.

FIRST prize this week seems to be going to a remote part of the country. It is a very simple sweet recipe, but a change, and certainly no one would pass by these tartlets served hot with strawberry jam. Do many of you fry pastries?

A jar of the barley sugar would go well in the emergency cupboard — a piece of barley sugar in the mouth sometimes steadies that nervous feeling; try it in trains.

Note cauliflower omelet. This not only uses up a left-over vegetable, but also gives a tasty supper recipe. Try cauliflowererets, also, in scrambled eggs or in a baked savory custard.

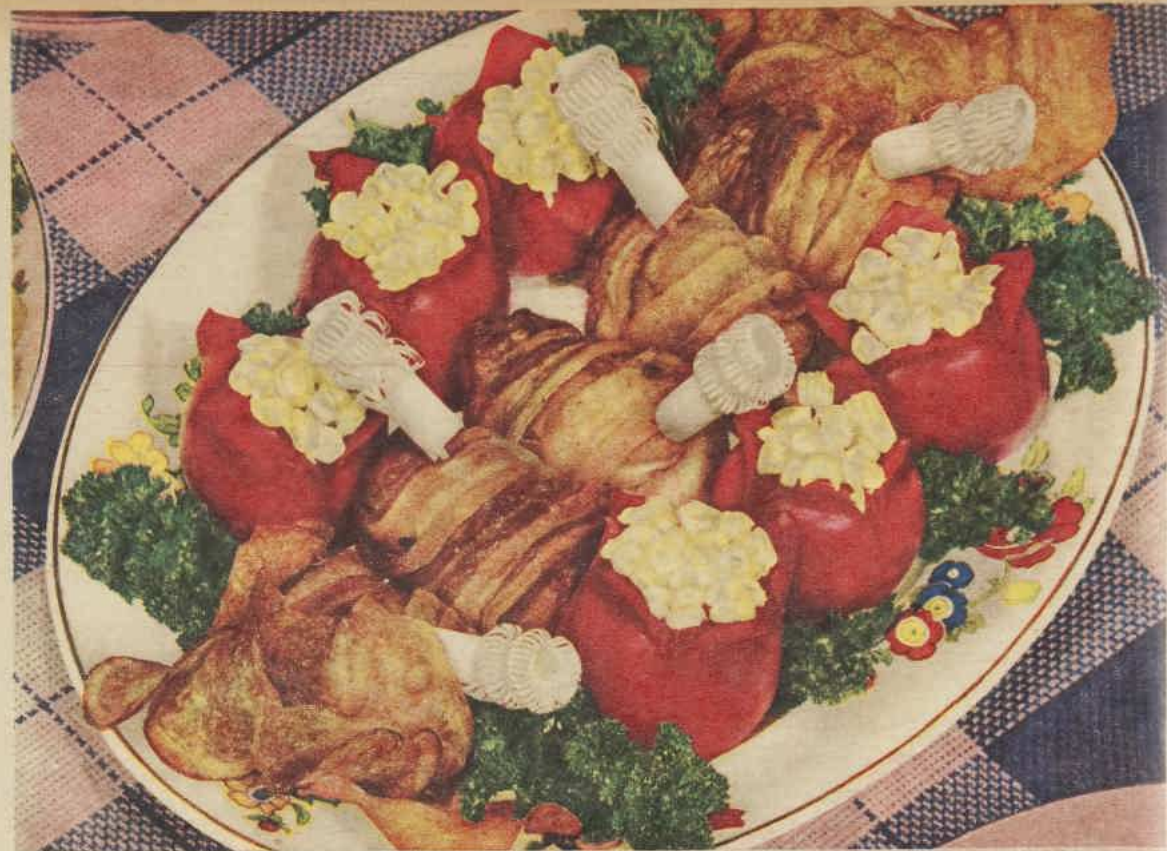
Mock fish does taste like fish; if you have any anchovy sauce left in the pantry, add a dash of this before cooking the mixture.

The value of the rest pause in industry is a recognised thing these days; if you are a wise woman you have your few minutes off, morning and afternoon. A cup of tea or glass of milk would go well with a butterscotch fruit square or an orange and honey scone, two prizes on this week's list.

The Monday meat loaf is economical, so it might be served with the more expensive, quick lemon pie. It sounds a good Monday menu. I notice curry powder in the meat loaf. If there's not one thing in the pantry there is usually another; try, instead of curry, fruit chutney or a savory sauce, or more fresh garden herbs.

DROP TARTLETS

Take 1lb. flaky pastry (made with baking powder) and roll out as if for pie-crust. Cut into rounds with a pastry cutter or tumbler top, and drop these, one at a time, into deep fat heated until it is hot and still. Allow a short interval between rounds for the fat to recover from the slight "cooling" each round causes. Fry till a light golden brown,



then drain on crumpled tissue-paper and keep hot. Have ready, heated, some apricot or strawberry jam, put a spoonful in the centre of each round and sprinkle each tartlet with soft white sugar. Serve at once.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. G. Smitham, Boondoola, 26 Mile Creek, via Warra, Western Line, Qld.

BUTTERSCOTCH FRUIT SQUARES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2 egg-yolks, 2oz. raisins, 2oz. dates, 1oz. chopped ginger, 2oz. soaked, chopped apricot, 1oz. chopped peel, 2oz. chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon spice, 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar and lemon rind. Add yolks, then fruit and

nuts, lastly sifted flour, spices, and baking powder, binding further with a little fruit juice if necessary. Spread in a greased tin. Cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Mark into small squares while hot. Leave on tin to cool.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Wilson, 105 Darley Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

CAULIFLOWER OMELET

Use cauliflower left over from dinner the night before. For two people use three eggs, whisked briskly with seasoning of pepper and salt and a few crushed cracker crumbs. Grease a pan with butter, put in the egg mixture, and when the underside of omelet is cooked place the cauliflower on the uncooked side. Fold over and then turn a couple of times with an egg slice. Serve immediately on very hot plate, and garnish with grated cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. Elsemann, Greenwood, via Oakley, Qld.

MOCK FISH

Take 1 egg and 1 medium-sized potato for each person. Grate the potato and add egg and beat slightly. Add seasoning to taste. Fry in boiling fat. When brown on one side turn over and brown the other side. Serve with slices of lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. A. Feistead, 122 Morris St., Sunshine, Vic.

ORANGE AND HONEY SCONES

Cream 1 tablespoon butter with 1 tablespoon honey, add 1 well-beaten egg and the grated rind of 1 orange. Sift 2 cups self-raising flour and 1/2 teaspoon salt together, add alternately to butter mixture with the juice of 1 orange and 1/2 cup milk. Form into a light scone dough, roll out gently, cut into rounds, and bake in a hot oven 15-20 minutes. Serve buttered hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Beth Haywood, 264 Moore Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

THIS IS A DISH for the special dinner that every now and then brightens the household routine. The recipe for the little mock birds with the sage and apple stuffing is given below.

BARLEY WATER BARLEY SUGAR

One cup honey, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup barley water, 2 dessertspoons glucose.

Place all ingredients in a saucepan, boil for 10 minutes, or until it gives the thread test when tested in cold water, and remove from stove. Turn out on to a sugared slab when cool, and cut into strips. Roll between the palms of the hands. (Now that sweets are so difficult to procure, the above recipe may prove useful, and be welcomed by the children.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss H. M. Ennis, Lindenow, Vic.

MONDAY MEAT LOAF

One and a half pounds chopped beef, 1 1/2 cups stale breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon minced onion, pinch of crushed herbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 beaten egg, stock as required.

Mix all the ingredients together except stock. Press into a greased loaf-tin. Bake for 50 minutes in a rather hot oven. Baste every 10 minutes with stock. Remove from oven, stand for a moment before turning out. Arrange on a hot dish, serve with onion sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Meehan, Roseleigh, Trenerry Cres., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

QUICK LEMON PIE

Half pound shortcrust (made with wholemeal self-raising flour), 1 or 2 eggs, 3oz. fine sugar, 1 tin condensed milk, 1 pint lemon juice, grated rind of 1 large or 2 small lemons.

Roll out crust and line a pie plate, prick well to prevent rising (if liked use the paper and rice method), and cook until golden brown.

Filling: Mix the lemon rind with condensed milk, stirring in the lemon

juice. Mix well, and stir in the egg-yolks. When well mixed, pour into the baked pie shell. Beat the egg-whites till stiff, stir in sugar. Pile rockily on top of the lemon filling. Bake very slowly until set. It's delicious.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. E. Petty, Wellert, Vic.

BAKED STUFFED LAMB'S FRY WITH GLAZED ONIONS

Soak fry for 30 minutes, then dry, and cut into one-inch-thick slices. Make a forcemeat with 4 tablespoons white breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped parsley, grated rind of 1 lemon, salt, pepper to season, 1 well-beaten egg. Cover each slice of fry with this, and place in greased pie-dish or casserole. Cover with few strips of bacon. Bake 1 to 1 1/2 hours.

Glazed Onions: Select small, even-sized onions. Sprinkle all over with brown sugar. Dot with butter or good dripping, add just enough water to cover bottom of dish. Cover and cook while fry is cooking.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Laurence, c/o Flat 1, 27 Boundary St., Clovelly, N.S.W.

STUFFED VEAL BIRDS

One and a half pounds thinly-cut veal steak, about 4 thin bacon rashers, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated apple, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon parsley, 1 teaspoon freshly-chopped sage, pepper and salt, 1 teaspoon chopped onion.

Cut the veal into neat pieces about 3 inches square. Combine the filling ingredients and place on the veal. Roll up in bacon rashers, secure with string or small skewers. Bake, covered with greased paper, in a moderate oven for 1 hour. Insert small wooden skewers and top with gutlet frills.

Miss Precious Minutes says:



COPY the men and give a gentle hitch to the legs of slacks when you sit down; it keeps them in shape.

REMEMBER, hot water or a hot iron may split silk. Wash by squeezing in warm, soapy water, and use a warm iron only.

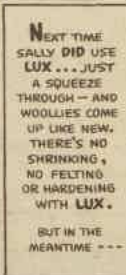
FISH knives and forks should be rubbed after use with fresh lemon peel. This removes effectively any fish odor that might remain.

IMPROVED the shining hour last Saturday by including the balcony chairs and kitchen rushmat in my chores. I scrubbed them with cold salted water. They look fine.

CARROTS, radishes, and other root vegetables will keep much longer if the leaves, instead of being cut off, are placed head downwards in a bowl of water. The water should not touch the vegetables.

VIRGINIA FIELD, RKO star, pictured above, is working to music. It's a grand idea. Switch on the wireless and you'll go through your chores in half the time.

BUBBLES - AUNTIE - CLIMAX!



PIES . . . many kinds and all good!

● Some of these pies are more economical than others to make, some can be prepared in almost a jiffy . . . but all are delicious, and if made and served as directed anyone can turn an otherwise simple meal into a very special occasion.

Special Recipes by **OLWEN FRANCIS**
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

A LIGHT hand with the dough, a little imagination mixed with the filling, a hot, quick oven for the pastry, reduced to moderate after ten minutes, and you've got pies fit to set before any hungry family.

Here come the recipes:

NOUGAT CRUMB PIE

(Make tiny ones for tea or supper party.)

Four ounces biscuit or cake pastry, 1/2 cup cake or bread crumbs, 2oz. sugar, 1/2 cup coconut or finely-ground nuts, 1 egg-white, 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 teaspoon spice mixed with 1 teaspoon brown sugar.

Line a pie plate with pastry and decorate edges. Combine crumbs, sugar, nuts, lemon rind and juice, jam, and stiffly-beaten egg-white. Place mixture in pastry case and sprinkle with the brown sugar and spice. Bake in hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and reduce the heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 10 minutes.

CORNISH PIE

(Cut in wedges and served hot or cold. It belongs to the come-again school.)

Eight ounces good shortcrust pastry, 1 cup diced carrot, 1 cup diced potato, 1 cup diced parsnip, turnip or celery, 2 tablespoons chopped ham or cheese, pepper and salt.

Line a pie plate with half the pastry. Cover with the combined carrot, potato, parsnip, ham or cheese, the whole well seasoned. Cover with the remainder of the pastry. Glaze, decorate, and bake

Kitchen cutouts

Basic Recipe No. 15

CABBAGE

Boiled Cabbage: Remove the outer wilted leaves and wash. Cut in quarters and cook uncovered in fast-boiling salted water. Or shred finely, season lightly, and cook in a very small quantity of water in a tightly-lidded pan until just tender. Drain, season, and serve as desired. Overcooking develops a strong, undesirable flavor. One pound of cabbage yields about 3 1/2 cups of shredded raw or 2 1/2 cups of lightly cooked cabbage. To red cabbage add 1 tablespoon vinegar to preserve the color or 1 small chopped apple.

Variations:

Cabbage au Gratin: Add to 2 cups of cabbage 1 cup of sauce and 2 tablespoons grated cheese. Pour into dish, sprinkle with crumbs, bake and serve with crisp bacon.

Bubble and Squeak: Two cups cabbage, 1 cup any other cooked vegetable, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, 1 tablespoon good flavored dripping. Heat the dripping, add the other ingredients, and serve piping hot on a dinner plate or as a breakfast or luncheon dish with hot buttered toast fingers.

Continental Sour Cabbage: Re-beat 2 cups cooked cabbage with 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 1 teaspoon sugar. Serve very hot.

Dutch Cabbage: To 2 cups cooked cabbage add 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon melted butter, pepper, and 2 tablespoons cream or milk. Bake this mixture until lightly browned and serve very hot.

Cabbage Chop Suey: Fry 1 dozen tiny sausages or sausage cakes until crisp and brown. Add 2 1/2 cups of shredded cooked cabbage to the pan in which they are cooking. Serve when lightly browned.

in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes, and reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook for further 20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

MINCEMEAT APPLE PIE

(Make this and send it back to camp. Pleasant memories of last Christmas.)

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, 3 cooking apples, 2 or 3 sticks rhubarb, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon spice, juice and rind 1 small lemon.

Shred the apple, chop rhubarb and fruit finely, and mix with sugar, spice, lemon rind and juice. Roll pastry thinly and line tart plate. Place in filling and with strips of pastry in wide weave an open pattern on top. Glaze with milk. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 350 deg. F. and cook for 20 minutes. Decorate top with crushed pineapple if liked.

OLD ENGLISH PIGEON PIE

(For those who like them and call them squab, or for those who can buy them cheaply.)

Six ounces flaky or puff pastry, about 3 small plump dressed pigeons, 1 cup stock or thin brown sauce, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped bacon, 2 tart apples, flour, pepper and salt, pinch of thyme.

Cut birds into neat joints, flour, and lightly season. Place in baking dish in layers with chopped bacon and peeled and sliced apples. Add the stock. Line edge of pie dish with pastry, moisten and cover with pastry. Cut up edges and decorate centre with rosette and leaves of pastry. Slit a hole each side and insert in each a scalded pigeon's leg (this may be done just before serving, the legs meanwhile simmering in a little stock). Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce the heat to moderate, and cook slowly for 45 minutes or longer if pigeons were not very young and tender.

FRANGIPANNI FRUIT SALAD PIE

(Called frangipanni because it is creamy and lovely.)

Six ounces good shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 1 cup fruit salad (such as banana, passionfruit, and pineapple), 1 1/2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons biscuit or cake crumbs, 2oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar (for meringue), 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour.

Line a pie plate with pastry and bake. When cool, cover with a layer of fruit salad.

Blend butter, flour, sugar and pinch of salt with the 2 egg-yolks. Pour on the hot milk and cook slowly for a few minutes, without boiling, until mixture coats spoon. Add crumbs. Pour over fruit salad. Whip egg-whites and sugar to a meringue, pile on top of frangipanni cream and return to a very slow oven until meringue is crisp and lightly browned.

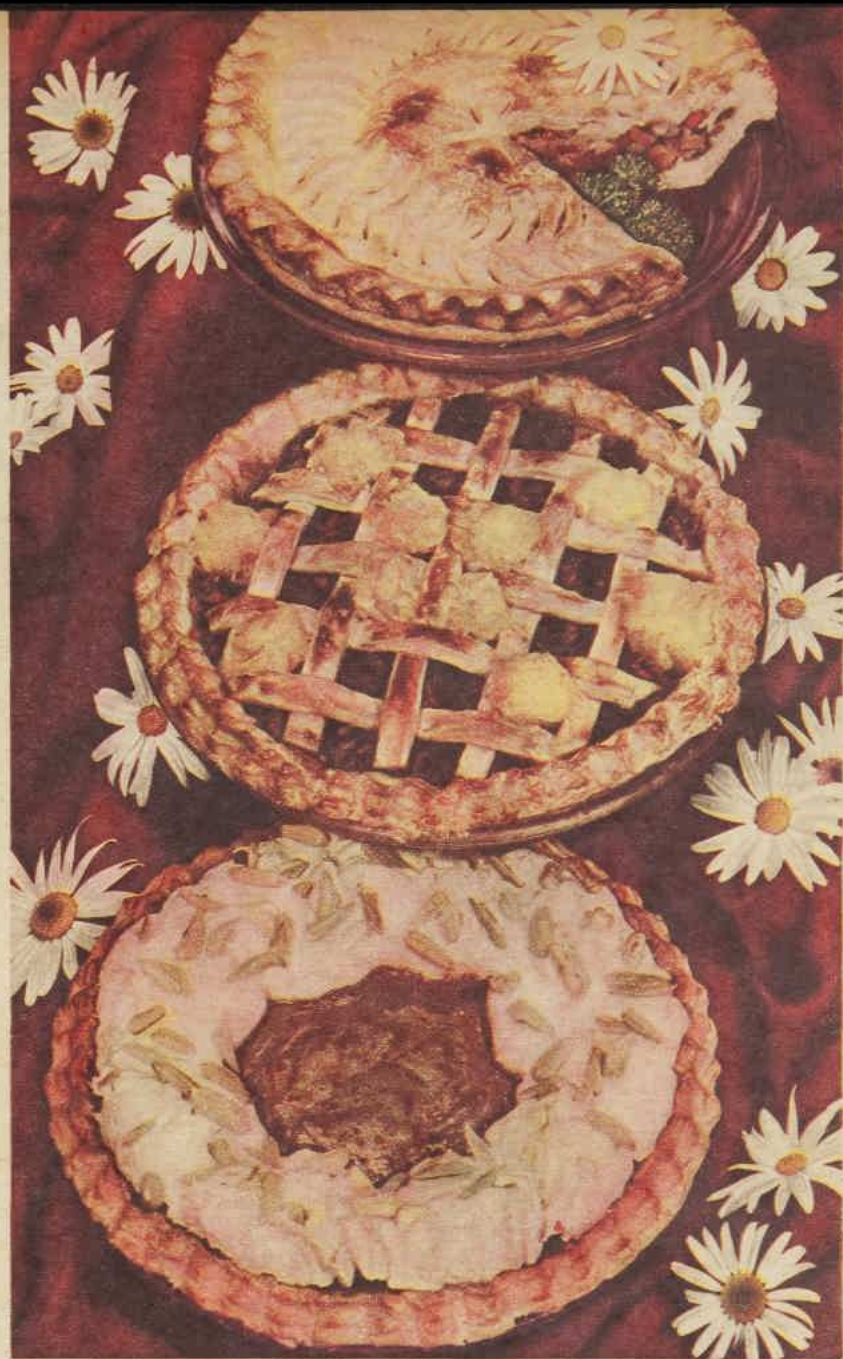
DOUBLE CRUST LAMB PIE

(Look in the garden or pantry for flavor pep-ups.)

Eight ounces flaky pastry, 2 cups finely-minced cooked lamb, 1 cup thick brown sauce, 1 tablespoon chutney, few drops of Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Line a pie plate with half the pastry. Combine filling ingredients and season to taste. Fill pie plate, moisten edges of pastry, and cover with remaining pastry. Glaze with beaten egg or milk. Cook in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 10 to 15 minutes.

Note: Grated or minced radish goes well with the filling of this pie. Use with discretion any fresh garden herbs.



TRY THESE one at a time—a pie variation of the cornish party, mincemeat lattice pie dressed with shredded pineapple, nutty meringue caramel pie. See recipes on this page.

PEACH AND RAISIN PIE

(This is the sort of pie that matches the roast-joint dinner.)

Two cups dried peaches, 1 cup seeded raisins, juice and rind of small lemon, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water (in which peaches soaked), 1 teaspoon arrowroot, nutmeg, 3oz. good shortcrust.

Soak peaches in enough water to barely cover for about 24 hours. Remove skins. If coarse, and combine fruit with raisins, lemon juice and rind, and sugar. Blend arrowroot with half cup of juice and simmer for 3 minutes, add dash of nutmeg, and combine with fruit. Pour fruit into pie dish, cover with pastry, glaze, and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for a further 25 minutes.

LEMON MARSHMALLOW PIE

(A salad, a long cold drink, and this pie on a warm day.)

One cooked pastry-case, 1 1/2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 pint hot water, 1 cup cold water, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons sugar (or more to taste or honey), 2 egg-whites, and 2 or 3 tablespoons cream.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add sugar and lemon rind, juice, and cold water. Strain and color if liked. When just beginning to set, whip in beaten egg-whites and whipped cream and beat until it begins to thicken. Pile into pastry-case, allow to set, and cut in wedges.

CABBAGE AND BACON PIE

(Serve piping hot on some Saturday night.)

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, well flavored with cheese and pepper, 2 1/2 cups shredded lightly-cooked cabbage, 1 cup thick, well-flavored white sauce, 2 tablespoons (or more) finely-chopped bacon, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Line a pie plate with half the pastry. Combine cabbage, sauce, bacon, parsley, and fill the pastry-case. Cover with remainder of pastry. Glaze and bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook a further 15 minutes. Serve hot.

NUTTY MERINGUE CARAMEL PIE

(If serving cold, in wedges, use one dessertspoon more cornflour. Try these, also, as dainty tarts.)

Four to six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour or arrowroot, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon caramelised sugar, vanilla.

Make custard by heating milk and sugar, then adding the blended cornflour, and cooking till thickened. Remove from heat and beat in the egg-yolks. Flavor and color with vanilla and caramel. Cook pie shell in tart plate. Pour in the custard, then decorate with whipped meringue made from egg-white and sugar. Sprinkle with sliced almonds. Replace in slow oven until set and lightly browned.

Have you tried this?

WHOLE hard-boiled eggs served in a browned onion sauce. A spoonful of cheesy spaghetti and grilled tomato halves and you have a good supper dish.

GRATED orange or lemon rind in white sauce for boiled meat.

A CUPFUL or more of sieved spinach in the white sauce for fish.

INCH-LENGTH pieces of cooked celery and diced cucumber in a lightly-flavored cheese sauce. There's a delicious peppery flavor.

STEWED apple and mashed banana with a dash of lemon between two layers of butter cake.

SLICES of avocado marinated in equal parts of lemon juice and salad oil, served with parsley cream-cheese balls.

BROAD BEANS in an onion sauce and garnished with little rolls of bacon. For luncheon.

MUSHROOMS, filled with bread-crumbs, seasoned with herbs and grated cheese, and baked. Oh!

LENTILS, curried and served piping hot, with rice and hard-boiled eggs.



Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold.

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2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

FORD PILLS

AFTER listening to a great deal of rambling and irrelevant talk, he found out where the farm was and gathered that its inhabitants were not too popular in the village. He did not care to press his questioning further, but decided to go and have a look for himself.

There was a long climb out of the village; then a descent over a rough and even dangerous road and there, resting in a hollow in the hills, was Mountain Farm.

Adrian stood for a moment at the entrance gateway, but the drive was too long and too winding for him to see anything from there; and he decided to get a little nearer.

He was half-way along the drive when he was halted.

"Hallo, Mawley. What brings you here?"

For an instant Adrian was at a loss. Captain von Gerne came forward from behind some trees. Adrian caught a glimpse of a deck chair and surmised that the other had been sitting out in the spring sunshine—quite possibly with a headache, he thought, not without a certain amount of inward amusement.

Von Gerne was as dandified as ever, but he looked pale, and evidently the effects of the crack on the back of his head had not worn off yet.

Adrian returned his salute and countered with,

"What an earth brings you here, away from Charnock?"

"Only the circumstance that I own the place."

Adrian looked suitably surprised, as indeed he was, as much at the other man's candor as at anything else.

"You're turned farmer?"

"Hardly. Not yet, anyway. Soldiers are still wanted in the world."

"Unfortunately."

"You can hardly expect me to agree with that point of view. And even you pacifists would go out of business if it weren't for wars to rail against. No, I'm no farmer. I've got a balliff to do that. I bought the place for somewhere quiet when I wanted quiet. Somewhere where nobody could run me to earth."

"And now I've done just that very thing."

"I was wondering why."

Adrian laughed easily.

"Completely unintentional, I assure you, my dear von Gerne. Not for the world would I disturb your—what is it, peace-heaven?"

"Just my private property. There used to be a notice at the entrance to that effect."

"There still is, I saw it. But they assured me in the village that there was a footpath across here to Hurl Mountain."

"No. No footpath. All this is private property."

"I'm sorry. If you could tell me how to reach the mountain—"

"My dear Mawley," von Gerne's

attitude changed abruptly, and the dangerous edge which had been on his words disappeared, "my dear Mawley, don't think I mind, please. Sometimes the ordinary run of hiker is a nuisance, I am bound to admit, but naturally I am delighted to see you. A friend of the Comtesse, or of Miss Gillespie—"

"You haven't seen anything of Miss Gillespie, I suppose?"

"I? No. Haven't you?"

"Not a thing."

"You weren't by any chance roaming this wild part looking for her, were you?"

Adrian joined his laughter with the other man's at the absurdity of the mere suggestion.

"No, I was taking a day off from my worries. We schoolmasters are introspective creatures, you know."

"What a lucky chance you should come here. I can't offer you English tea. It is one of the many English customs I have not been able to take to. But if you would care to come inside and have a whisky and soda and inspect my hermitage—"

"I should love to," Adrian said, perhaps just a shade too quickly.

The house was big and rambling but deceptive, for there were not many rooms in it.

"This used to be the farm-house kitchen; it still is, as far as that goes, though I use it for a dining-room as well when I'm here," von Gerne explained.

Adrian's sharp eyes travelled slowly and methodically round the room. Had there been so much as a dropped and forgotten hairpin lying on the floor he thought he would have noticed it.

"And down the corridor," von Gerne was saying, leading the way along a stone-flagged passage to a green baize door at the end, "is my living-room, my study. Den, don't you call it in English?"

Adrian surveyed the book-lined room, the comfortable armchair, the blazing fire.

"Very comfortable, too," he said.

"I didn't know you were a jig-saw enthusiast."

Von Gerne glanced easily at the table in the window with a jig-saw puzzle spread out on it.

"One has to do something to pass the time. Sit down, won't you? And what about that drink—a whisky and soda?"

"Thanks. I should like one."

Von Gerne pressed a bell button by the fireside.

"I suppose when you are not here the farmer occupies these rooms?" Adrian asked idly.

"Indeed he does not. No, I like my things to myself. As a matter of fact he doesn't come in the house, he lives in a cottage at the other end of the rick yard. No, I keep this for myself."

The door opened and a maid came in.

Adrian looked at her with the same interest that he was showing for everything in that house. She wore thick rimmed glasses and her face was intelligent and yet strangely hard.

"—with Hilda here to chaperon me," von Gerne added.

She gave no sign of having heard the remark except that Adrian fancied that the staring eyes behind the thick glasses flickered angrily for an instant.

"Did you want anything?"

"Whisky, siphon, two glasses."

"I don't suppose you want to see over the rest of the house," von Gerne went on as the door shut.

"Two or three rambling old bedrooms mostly empty, that's all upstairs."

Adrian would have liked to see all over the house very much, but he did not think that there was any adequate excuse for saying so. He

contented himself with remarking: "You certainly have a nice retreat here."

"Pleasant after Charnock, isn't it? I like the contrast. The loneliness. That's why I put up that notice board at the gate—"

"Once again, I must apologise. My dear fellow, don't mention it. Now that you have found your way here you must come out again—"

Isn't that the English thing to say? I'm sorry that you have had no news of Miss Gillespie. I expect you are worried about her—"

"She is a fellow countrywoman and one feels that one ought to do something."

The drinks had been brought in by now and von Gerne changed the two glasses and raised his.

"Well, here's to your success," he said, smiling blandly.

"Who was that?" Hilda demanded. "A Mr. Adrian Mawley. An Englishman. He lectures in literature or some such subject at Miss Featherstonhaugh's Academy."

"What did he come here for?"

Von Gerne lit a cigarette and blew a well-satisfied cloud of smoke ceilingwards.

"I'm not altogether sure that I know."

"Did he come after her?"

"I wonder. When I first saw him in the drive I did have a suspicion for a moment. But I don't see how he could have traced her here. No, I'm inclined to think it was chance. These English are such fools, they are quite capable of clapping knapsacks on their backs and tramping about the hills for what they call fun."

"Had he anything to do with what happened at your flat last night?"

Von Gerne's eyes narrowed unpleasantly, and he ran his right hand very gingerly over the back of his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I hope not—for his sake. Someone is going to pay very dearly for that bit of fun."

"Is he interested in her?"

Von Gerne grinned. "Perhaps he is a little, my dear Hilda. Or would like to be. But then so am I. And I have certain advantages now which he hasn't."

"You fancy yourself with women, don't you?"

Von Gerne smiled. "Don't talk like that, Hilda. The important thing was to throw dust into the English fool's eyes, wasn't it? When all this business is over you and I can enjoy ourselves somewhere."

Yet the dust, the smoke screen, skilful though it had been, was not quite as perfect as von Gerne imagined.

Adrian, walking steadily back towards Insarne, was wondering.

He had sharp eyes and a tenacious memory, and both had served him well that day. In the room at the end of the stone-flagged corridor, the room which, according to von Gerne, was his own particular den where no one else was allowed to penetrate. Adrian had noticed something on a small shelf against the wall in the big recessed fireplace: a wooden rack with four pipes in it, and a tin of tobacco by their side.

It was clear that a pipe lover liked to draw up by the fire and make himself comfortable there.

"I have never smoked a pipe in my life," Adrian's tenacious memory drew the remark out of the verbal brush which had taken place between him and the immaculate young von Gerne at their first meeting at the Schloss.

Who then did keep pipes and tobacco so comfortably handy in the study at Mountain Farm?

To be continued

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, have broken sleep, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Stomach Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

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ABOVE you are shown a side view of the Dream Home. A comprehensive folder with sixteen views of the house plus plans and specifications costs 2/3 at our offices; 2/6 if posted. See addresses page 31.



THIS PICTURE shows a section of the girl's room in the Dream Home. The dressing-table is one of the built-in units. Capacious built-in wardrobe and drawer space are just one of the minor, though important, features of this carefully-planned family home. All Australia was—and is—interested in the Dream Home. You can now obtain plans and specifications so that you may build a replica, or at least incorporate some outstanding feature in the planning and building of your home.



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Orchid growing as woman's hobby

● Once the darlings of collectors and millionaires, orchids are to-day being largely grown by women in this country, as a payable hobby.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.



DENDROBIUM NOBILE. An excellent bush-house variety that flowers profusely. More about the dendrobium family is given in the accompanying article.

FOR instance, most of the slipper orchids (cypripediums to the experts) can be grown in any well-constructed bush-house or mildly-warmed glass-house, and their prices range from about 3/- to 30/- according to size and variety chosen. These entrancing flowers often last three or four weeks on the plant, and a well-established plant may carry up to 10 or 15 good blooms or more. Some of the more popular and certainly easy-to-buy slippers include the varieties callosum, insigne, Charlesworthii, exul, fairieanum, barbatum, hirsutissimum, javanicum, parishii, venustum, villosum and spicerianum.

Hybrid cypripediums, of course, cost more money, and most of them need slightly warmer conditions than the average bush-house can supply. Many of them will, however, do well in the fernery in warm parts of the Commonwealth. Of the easy-to-grow imported dendrobiums, the variety known as nobile is probably one of the finest. The flowers are pure white with a dark velvety purple blotch on the lip. The petals and sepals are also tinged and tipped with deep rosy pink.

Other dendrobiums which are cheap and flower well in the bush-house are pierardii (pale pink and yellow), thyrsiflorum (white with orange lip), wardianum (pure white, tipped amethyst, lip yellow with dark red blotches), infundibulum (white with yellow lip), jamesianum (white with yellow lip), densiflorum (deep gold), devonianum (mixed colors, a beautiful variety), fimbriatum (deep orange).

Cymbidiums have sprung from obscurity to front-row fame in a few years in Australia. They are easily the most popular of all the cool-house brigade of orchids. They flourish and flower well in the open air if reasonable protection from wind and strong sunshine is provided.

The compost most favored by those who grow them best is a mixture of old cow manure, sandy loam, plenty of charcoal, a little leaf-mould or peat moss, and ample broken crocks for drainage.

The best varieties for beginners are lowianum (green with red lip), tracyanum (yellowish-brown petals and sepal and dark cream lip with red spots), eburneum (pure white with yellow banded lip), giganteum (petals and sepals yellowish-green with red stripes, yellow lips with bright red spots), and grandiflorum (green petals and sepals, yellow lip spotted crimson).

Other easy-to-grow and easy-to-buy orchids are bletias, which will grow in any well-drained garden soil on the shady side of the garden, and epidendrum. Bletias bear pale mauve to purple flowers with a darker lip. About six blooms appear on each 12 or 14-inch stem. They can also be obtained in pure white.

Epidendrum are not all easy to grow, but two varieties, known commonly as crucifix orchids, epidendrum o'brianianum and boundii, thrive well in warm parts of the Commonwealth in any open flower bed where the soil is well drained and contains some old cow manure.

Epidendrum o'brianianum has bright red flowers about 2-inch across, which last a long time.



DENDROBIUM JAMESIANUM: A lovely orchid, pure white with yellow-lined throat. It's easy to grow, too, and, as orchids go, cheap to buy.



Last night I felt awful

Gently and naturally, while you sleep, a dose of Beecham's Pills taken at bedtime will correct any digestive upset and relieve a sick headache. When morning comes your system will act as nature intended and you will feel in the very best of health. In this purely vegetable laxative you have a safe remedy for ninety per cent. of daily ills—so get some Beecham's Pills right away.

THIS MORNING I FEEL FINE!

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Worth a Guinea a Box



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Knitting special . . .

Bonny spring frock for a tiny tot

● Little touches of hand embroidery and smocking at yoke lift this easy-to-knit frock into the model class. Do make it!

FEW mothers or adoring aunts will be able to resist the making of this frock, specially designed for the 3-to-4-year-olds.

Four coupons are required for the frock. Odd lengths of pastel wools could be used for the embroidery and smocking at yoke.

Here are the directions:

Materials: 7oz. Paton's and Baldwin's Azalea, crochet and knitting wool (blue); 1oz. each of white, pink, and lemon; 1 pair No. 9 knitting needles; 3 buttons.

Measurements: Length, 21ins; width at underarm, 28ins; sleeve seam, 4ins.

Tension: 7½ stitches to 1in.

THE FRONT

Cast on 216 stitches.

1st and 2nd Rows: Knit plain.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: Plain. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows five times, and 3rd row once.

16th Row: K 11, k 2 tog., * k 22, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 11 stitches, k 11. Work 9 rows in stocking-stitch, also after each of the following rows.

26th Row: K 10, k 2 tog., * k 21, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 11 stitches, k 9, k 2 tog.

36th Row: K 9, k 2 tog., * k 20, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to the last 10 stitches, k 8, k 2 tog.

46th Row: K 8, k 2 tog., * k 19,

k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 9 stitches, k 7, k 2 tog.

56th Row: K 7, k 2 tog., * k 18, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 8 stitches, k 6, k 2 tog.

66th Row: K 6, k 2 tog., * k 17, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 7 stitches, k 5, k 2 tog.

76th Row: K 5, k 2 tog., * k 16, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 6 stitches, k 4, k 2 tog.

86th Row: K 4, k 2 tog., * k 15, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 5 stitches, k 3, k 2 tog.

96th Row: K 3, k 2 tog., * k 14, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 4 stitches, k 2, k 2 tog.

106th Row: K 17, k 2 tog., * k 13, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 18 stitches, k 16, k 2 tog.

116th Row: K 16, k 2 tog., * k 12, k 2 tog.; repeat from * to last 17 stitches, k 17. Continue in plain,

smooth fabric without decreasing until work measures 15 inches from commencement. Cast off 4 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows.

Decrease one stitch at each end of next and every alternate row until 88 stitches remain. Work one row.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 2 tog.; repeat from * 5 times, p 1, k 22, p 1, * k 2 tog., p 1, k 1, p 1;

repeat from * five times, k 2. 2nd Row: K 1 (p 1, k 1) 13 times, p 22 (k 1, p 1) 13 times, k 1.

3rd Row: K 1 (k 1, p 1) 13 times, k 22 (p 1, k 1) 13 times, k 1. Repeat the last two rows nine times.

22nd Row: K 1 (p 1, k 1) 13 times, p 1, k 20 (p 1, k 1) 14 times.

23rd Row: Same as 3rd row.

24th Row: K 1 (p 1, k 1) 13 times, p 1, cast off 20 stitches (p 1, k 1)



THE LITTLE GIRL pictured above, who shyly modelled the frock for us, cried when the pretty blue frock was taken off. No wonder! It is so soft, so cuddly and pretty. This picture, however, does not flatter it in any way. It would also be lovely knitted in white with blue, lemon, and pink touches of hand-embroidery.

14 times. Continue working in rib on 28 stitches for 1 inch more. Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st Row: Work to last 10 stitches, turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 20 stitches, turn. Cast off. Work other 28 stitches left on needle to correspond.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for front until 90 stitches remain, ending with a purl row.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 2 tog.; repeat from * five times, p 1, k 15, turn.

2nd Row: K 6, p 9, * k 1, p 1; repeat from * to last stitch, k 1.

3rd Row: K 2 (p 1, k 1) 12 times, p 1, k 15.

4th Row: Same as the 2nd row.

5th Row: K 2 (p 1, k 1) 12 times, p 1, k 11, cast off 2 stitches, k 2.

6th Row: K 2, cast on 2 stitches, k 2, p 9, * k 1, p 1; repeat from * to last stitch, k 1. Continue in this manner making buttonholes in every 11th and 12th rows until 3 buttonholes have been completed, work 1 row.

Shape for shoulder as follows: 1st Row: Cast off 14 stitches, work to last 10 stitches, turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 20 stitches, turn. Work one row. Cast off. Join wool at centre back, cast on 6 stitches and work to correspond with other half, working 6 cast-on stitches in garter-stitch for underlap.

SLEEVE

Cast on 42 stitches.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1; repeat from * to last stitch, k 1. Repeat the 1st row 6 times.

8th Row: Increase once in every stitch to end of row (84 stitches).

9th Row: Purl. Continue working in plain, smooth fabric, increasing once at beginning and end of 3rd and every following 4th row until there are 96 stitches. Work without shaping until work measures 4ins. from commencement.

1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 2 stitches at beginning of each row.

3rd and 4th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch at beginning of each row. Repeat last 4 rows until 48 stitches remain.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., k 3 tog., repeat from * to last 3 stitches, k 3 tog. Cast off. Work another sleeve.

Continued on next page

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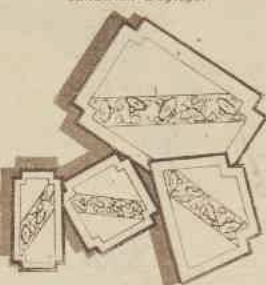


Needlework Notions . . .

LOVELY TRAY SERVICE

● Very different from the usual tray service is this design (shown above and at right), consisting of traycloth, cosy, cake d'oyley, and sandwich d'oyley.

DIAGRAM showing set embracing traycloth, tea-cosy, cake and sandwich d'oyleys.



ABOVE: When ordering this set or any individual piece, please quote No. 258 and state color required. Details at left.

Baby's pillow

A Dainty pillowcase for baby is always a necessary item. This one, shown left (No. 257), which will appeal to you all, is clearly traced on the finest organdie in shades of lemon, green, pink, and blue. The embroidery motif is very simple to work.

The price of the design is 4/9 plus 3d. postage. When ordering, please quote No. 257 and state clearly the pastel shade required.

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Bonny spring frock for a tiny tot

Continued from previous page

TO MAKE UP THE DRESS

Press carefully. Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam, sew underlap in position. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Smock yoke as follows: Using the white wool, commence at bottom of yoke, draw 1st and 2nd ribs together, 3rd and 4th together, and so on to end of ribbing.

Next Row: Using pink wool on 4th row above work as previous row, but drawing 2nd and 3rd ribs together, 4th and 5th ribs, etc., to end of row. Using lemon wool, and working on 4th row above last, work as given for white. Continue using alternate color wools until yoke has been completed. Embroider remainder of frock as illustrated.



HERE you see a close-up of the simple embroidery "dots" which, grouped together, have a flower-like effect. The effect of smocking is obtained by drawing up the ribs. See directions.

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica
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"NO NECESSITY FOR ANYONE TO SUFFER NOW" says DOUGLAS CURZON, and OFFERS
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Mr. Douglas Curzon, an English Research Chemist, states that Uric Acid is not responsible for Rheumatic pain, swelling and stiffness. The true cause of these troubles is a toxic condition of the blood originating in the deep veins of the leg. These toxins cause the stiffening of the muscles and the hardening and enlargement of the joints by becoming localised in certain parts of the body and there producing exactly the same sort of inflammatory thickening of the tissues as the result from a boil, ulcer, or any similar localised, inflamed condition.

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Although numerous unsolicited letters of appreciation have been received from former sufferers, Mr. Curzon insists that these sufferers must receive free preliminary treatment to convince himself by actual test that this modern treatment is unique and really effective. We will therefore send free of charge and obligation to every sufferer who applies on the form below:

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"I am entirely free from pain, the first time for three years." (This is due to using the Douglas Curzon Rheumatoid Treatment.)—E.R. Glebe, Sydney, N.S.W.

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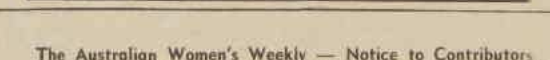
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Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Partners in charm— Your bath, and dependable MUM!



Mum every day prevents underarm odour without stopping perspiration!

EVERY PARTY, every date, is a challenge to charm. That is why so many popular girls rely on smooth, creamy, effective Mum. A bath removes only past perspiration—Mum prevents underarm odour for hours to come! Never risk daintiness. Use quick, dependable Mum every single day!

SO SURE! Effective Mum guards against risk of underarm odour for hours, without stopping perspiration.

SO SAFE! Safe for fine fabrics; use Mum even after dressing. Use it after underarm shaving; Mum won't irritate skin. Saves clothes.

SO QUICK! Takes only 30 seconds to apply, yet Mum guards charm for a whole day or a whole evening.

GET **MUM** TO-DAY!
TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Did you **PROTEX** yourself this morning?

You'll step out briskly after your Protex bath! Your skin will be wonderfully clean and glowing, with just the faintest tang of the fresh fragrance of the Australian bush. And, although Protex is so safe and gentle for sensitive skin, it safeguards you against infection. Protex contains an antiseptic that is **MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE THAN CARBOLIC.**

Protex is inexpensive and is a soap that can be used safely by members of the family. Protex—the antiseptic soap for the home . . . and for the lads in the fighting forces!

1/752



*Like the Fragrance
of the Australian Bush!*

4 1/2
or two cakes for 8 1/2